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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1935 NUMBER 1082

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The Week

THE SITUATION arising from the Italian-Ethiopian affair is no longer an African problem, but one affecting all of Europe, and so serious that its importance cannot be exaggerated. No one expected any effective action through the League; but nearly everyone thought there was at least a chance that Italy, France and Great Britain might come to an understanding which, however disastrous to Ethiopia, would at least abate the threat of war in Europe itself. The hope was unfounded. In spite of the desperate offer of concessions by the Ethiopian government at the last moment, and in spite of all the efforts by France and Great Britain to find a viable compromise, the conference has broken down. Mussolini insists on complete conquest; if he cannot get it peaceably, he will use force of arms. It is probably true that he has now reached a point where he dare not turn back, where his difficulties at home, plus the effect of his war propaganda, have created a situation too strong for him to control—even if he wished to.

AS VARIOUS commentators are now pointing out, the character of the struggle for power seems to be shifting. In the past, Great Britain has traditionally played the part of mediator between conflicting European nations, but today England and Italy are the chief opponents, with France in the unhappy and unaccustomed role of conciliator. The English are vitally concerned in the future of Ethiopia because that country controls the upper regions of the Nile, which in turn spell life or death to the agriculture of Egypt under British domination. Far more important, however, is the suggestion, beginning to be made, that Mussolini is preparing to challenge British naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. Strategically, most of the cards are in his hands. If he now carries out his supposed intention, a European war seems almost inevitable. In the background of every calculation, of course, is Hitlerized Germany, which would like to seize Austria and would almost certainly take some advantage of a break in the alliance among its three foes—England, France and Italy.

AS A result of the impending war in a distant corner of the world between Italy and Ethiopia, the United States is already faced with the necessity of a decision that may prove to be momentous. Great Britain and the League of Nations are considering the employment of economic sanctions against the aggressor, by means of financial and trade embargoes. But they naturally want to know what we would do in such a case. British statesmen particularly are eager for American support, if an embargo should be declared. This is natural. If we sell to Italy while others do not, the embargo will be undermined. More serious still, if the British navy were used to enforce the embargo, American shipments would create incidents and lead to controversy. Sanctions, however, mean taking sides in the dispute. It is not neutral to suppress trade with one party while trading with the other. If the League members sell to Ethiopia while refusing to sell to Italy, they may easily be involved in war. And if we adopt the same course, we shall encounter the same danger. The danger is not important to us at present, but there is no assurance that in the end Italy might not have allies, such as Germany. Should we stick to the old type of neutrality, selling to both sides, and thus complicat-

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ing our relations with Great Britain and the other League powers? Or should we coöperate with them, thus running a risk of war against their opponents? Or should we take the loss, now small, but possibly great if the war spreads, of refusing to sell to either side There is no possible course outside of these three.

THE past few days have presented a sorry picture in Washington as Congress has sought to do three months' hard work in about as many days, hoping thereby to obtain adjournment within another week. At least twelve important measures are being rushed through the mill at breakneck speed and it is fair to assume that we shall be years trying to remedy the mistakes that are now being made in the details of bills most of which are essentially sound. Among the pending measures, as we go to press, are the tax bill, the one dealing with public utility holding companies, the Guffey bill for the coal industry, the banking bill, the T.V.A. proposals, the new liquor-control measure, the bill to prevent suits against the government under the gold clause, measures affecting railways and oil, the plan to enforce N.R.A. labor standards among firms working for the government, the rivers and harbors appropriation and the new deficiency bill. Does anyone believe that the members of Congress can act intelligently on all these measures in the course of a week? It is true that on some of them, much work has already been done; but the problems left to the last minute are usually the most important of all, involving fundamental differences on questions of public policy, as for example, the "death sentence" clause in the holding-company bill. The President's desire to get as much done as possible before Congress adjourns is understandable; he fears his authority may be weakened in the next session. But surely, the best way to weaken that authority is to let the country see an exhibition of frenzied, haphazard lawmaking such as we have witnessed in the past few days.

ONE of the most remarkable propaganda campaigns of recent times has been that which has urged that Congress should quit and go home because its members are all tired out. We are aware that the pressure on the Senators and Representatives is severe; but vast numbers of their fellow countrymen work under equal pressure without collapsing at the end of a few months. While it is true that Washington is hot in summer, many members come from districts that are equally hot; and few workers elsewhere in the country have greater advantages in the way of air conditioning, leisurely tempo and convenient hours. Though some of the solicitude for the legislators' health may be genuine, we remain convinced that the campaign for adjournment began among those who dislike the kind of legislation now being enacted and hope by this means to prevent any more of it. Their efforts are aided, of course, by the desire of some Senators and Representatives to get home and mend their political fences. But we do not believe that the members of Congress are strained to the breaking point, and we wish the propagandists had courage enough to come forward and tell the truth about their attitude.

IN ADDITION to the Congressional rush for adjournment, political developments played an important part in the past week's news. Huey Long has let it be known that he intends to seek a nomination for the presidency in 1936. He would like to be the Democratic choice but since he recognizes that this is all but impossible, he is prepared to run independently. An early boom—probably much too early—for Senator Borah as Republican nominee is in progress, based upon the results of a straw vote throughout the country. Mr. Hoover has reminded us of his continuing active interest in public affairs by sternly demanding that Mr. Roosevelt express himself on the question of the Constitution; it may be said with authority that the last person in the United States whose advice the President is likely to take is that of the gentleman from Palo Alto. The elusive Mr. Howard C. Hopson, head of the Associated Gas and Electric System, was finally found and has testified regarding the political activities of his organization. His chief contribution was to confirm what well informed persons already knew, that the A. G. and E. has long done everything in its power to influence periodicals, press associations and individuals to take a "friendly" view of the utilities' case.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt signed the social security bill and his act went almost unnoted in the pressure of other events—a striking development when one remembers the tremendous hullabaloo over the bill a few months ago. The amendments to the A.A.A. also reached their final form, while over them hangs the shadow of a possible adverse Supreme Court decision a few months hence. The government's silver-buying policy was suddenly increased in vigor, though no one yet knows how it is expected to do any good—except to owners of silver mines who are of course profiting hugely. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was revealed as having given away to "individuals and charitable organizations" securities worth about $27,000,000; he did so nine days after President Roosevelt's message to Congress advocating heavy taxes on gifts and inheritances. Members of the American Chemical Society heard predictions of a gasoline shortage beginning a few years hence. The strikes among union members employed by the Works Progress Administration, seeking to maintain standard hourly rates of wages, dwindled away as the strikers faced the danger that cities would join the federal government in suspending all relief to them and their families. For the man in the street, by far the most poignant news of the week appeared to be the accidental deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post, killed while flying in Alaska.

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THE details of the social security bill, which has now become law, often have been discussed in The New Republic and our criticisms need not be repeated at this time. In some of its aspects the measure is deeply disappointing and these phases will certainly need to be altered in the future. At the same time, one great advance has been made: the American people, through their government, have definitely accepted the responsibility for the welfare of all citizens when that welfare is adversely affected by circumstances beyond the individual's control. Three years ago, few would have dared to predict that in the United States we should have plans for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, partly under federal machinery, by August, 1935. It is unquestionable that public opinion has moved forward a long way since Mr. Roosevelt took office. It is equally beyond dispute that the forward march will continue, under whatever party and whatever political philosophy may prevail in the future.

THE article by Enid Charles in this issue of The New Republic, "Parenthood in Decline," calls attention to a new problem, recognized by many individuals, but as yet little discussed. It is a problem with a double face, equally serious on both sides. Industrial nations are approaching a period of population decline. This is not, according to Miss Charles, because women do not want children, but because children have become an economic burden rather than an asset. The effect of our civilization upon the children, though only hinted at by this article, is also momentous. They have no functional place in the world until after a long period of "education." Their education is not, as in the past, the normal and healthy process of imitating their elders' work, and of sharing in it. A way must be found in which children can do something useful both to themselves and to their parents. All this, however, can give no legitimate encouragement either to opponents of birth control or to those who fight child-labor legislation. Birth-control information is not needed in most countries for the Malthusian purpose of limiting population, but it is sorely required for the health of mothers and children and the necessities of depressed groups in the community. This is true to a greater extent in the United States than in the England of which Miss Charles writes, where there is no legal bar against dissemination of information. And the exploitation of children for profit in factories and mines, in selling newspapers and on commercial farms is neither educational nor, in its indirect effects, economically helpful to their parents. We need a new social order into which children may be fitted.

THE utilities investigation has raised an interesting question as to the integrity of the press. Last week, after he had played hide-and-seek with the Black committee for two days, Howard C. Hopson, head of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, was cited by the Senate for contempt, and Sergeant-at-Arms Jurney was instructed to arrest him. That evening, accompanied by reporters, Mr. Jurney (a former Texas sheriff) began a slow and ceremonious tour of Washington hotels. At the Shoreham, as a matter of routine, he rapped on the door of Bernard B. Robinson, Hopson's Washington representative and lately his constant companion. Robinson had assured him that Hopson was not there, and Jurney and his supporting squad of reporters had turned to leave, when Marvin MacIntyre, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, appeared in the doorway. MacIntyre has charge of appointments at the White House; in many cases he decides whether a visitor shall see the President, and when. To find a confidential assistant of Mr. Roosevelt closeted with the confidential assistant of Hopson was startling, and obviously of legitimate interest to newspaper readers.

BEFORE MacIntyre had time to do more than mumble an embarrassed greeting to the reporters, however, another of Robinson's guests, Amon G. Carter, publisher of a newspaper in Fort Worth, Texas, appeared behind him and, it is reported, peremptorily commanded that the story of MacIntyre's call be suppressed. Amon G. Carter is an important franchise holder in the Associated Press, and specifically threatened the Associated Press reporter with the loss of his job if the story were used. Nevertheless, we are informed that the Associated Press representative returned to his office, and wrote what he had seen and heard. But the story was never dispatched to Associated Press subscribers. As far as can be learned, only one metropolitan newspaper printed the story the following morning, the violently anti-administration Chicago Tribune. Publication of the story by the Tribune compelled MacIntyre to issue a statement from the White House. This statement was sent out by the Associated Press, but in recounting the original discovery of MacIntyre in Robinson's room, it circumspectly quoted The New York Post, although a story by its own reporter had been lying unused in its Washington office for more than twelve hours.

DURING the long negotiations for an N.R.A. newspaper code, and again during the Jennings case before the National Labor Relations Board, the newspapers pleaded that they merited a special status, that they had great public responsibilities, that it was essential they should remain free from all influence. At the time, labor organizations alleged that the central agency of the industry, the Associated Press, frequently distorted or suppressed news of labor controversies, that it was at the mercy of the prejudices and whims of its member-publishers, and that the protestations of austere virtue on the part of the industry were fraudulent in the extreme. The MacIntyre case assumes augmented importance in view of these charges.

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TWO recent speeches by important individuals in Germany have shown an amazing variance with each other. On Thursday, August 15, Julius Streicher, one of the heads of the National Socialist Party, fiercely attacked the Jews in a speech that clearly indicated a continuance of anti-Semitism as a policy of the German government. Four days later, on Sunday, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who is virtually economic dictator for the country, criticized the anti-Jewish campaign as doing grave harm to Germany's economic interest by reducing her trade abroad, already in such desperate straits. While we are now told that Dr. Schacht is to be "disciplined," it remains true that such differences of opinion suggest the lack of a firm hand on the helm. Perhaps the deepening economic crisis has forced Dr. Schacht to sound a warning, however violent the break with Nazi tradition.

DISCONTENT with the Works Progress Administration program is much greater among the unemployed than the scattered strikes on work-relief projects reveal, a rapid survey of the North and West indicates. The Roosevelt administration has one potent ally at present: the disunity among the unemployed organizations, which has hampered effective protest. In Pennsylvania's great industrial county, Allegheny, five different organizations speak for the jobless—the Unemployment Councils, Pennsylvania Unemployed League, Unemployed Citizens' League, Independent Unemployed Citizens' League and Pennsylvania Security League. In many cities of the East and the Middle West it is not uncommon to find at least three organizations of the unemployed seeking to function, opposing one another as well as the relief authorities. The entry of the A.F. of L. unions into the picture will add to the confusion unless some better understanding is established among these various agencies. It seems likely that the Works Progress Administration will suffer more set-backs from its own inner chaos than from nation-wide action on the part of the organized unemployed.

THE question whether athletes from other countries should participate in the Olympic Games to be held in Germany is a simple one. Will these games be conducted in accordance with the generally accepted rules of good sportsmanship? It is now perfectly obvious that they will not. The first of these rules is that the best man shall have his chance to win; but this will not be the case in Germany. Whatever pretense may be made of permitting the participation of German Jews it is clear that the difficulties to be put in their path will in fact be insurmountable. Under the circumstances, we do not see how athletes from other countries, and least of all from the United States, can take part in the contests. In days like these, we are reluctant to advocate any course that may add to international ill-feeling, but the issues presented here are so sharp that the decision in unavoidable.

Italy Lights the Fuse

MUSSOLINI'S flat refusal to consider the terms proposed to him by England and France has convinced Europe at last that no negotiations can stop him from fighting Ethiopia. Since these terms were near the extreme of what could be offered without making a farce of existing treaties guaranteeing Ethiopia's independence, no further progress is likely to be made along this line. Nobody expects the meeting of the League Council on September 4 to do better. The question is not now whether the Ethiopian war can be avoided, but whether it is likely to detonate a larger charge of international high explosives.

What can the League Council do? However it may squirm, Mussolini has left it apparently only a sharp choice between two alternatives. One is to sign its own death warrant by standing aside while Mussolini proceeds, without the resistance of the other nations, to violate its Covenant and make a victim of one of the League members. The other alternative is to use the sanctions enumerated in the Covenant. It is to apply, as a concerted international police measure, diplomatic and economic boycotts against the aggressor. This means, of course, the application of military compulsion as well, unless one accepts the incredible hypothesis that Italy would be scared by a show of force, and retreat.

Either line of action has incalculable consequences. The first means, without question, the end of the League. If it cannot prevent this war, it cannot prevent any war of the slightest consequence. If it does not apply sanctions now, it will never apply sanctions. Great Britain and France, particularly the latter, have been reluctant to use stern measures in dealing with the present dispute because Mussolini's man power was counted upon to keep the Nazis out of Austria and, in the event of war with Germany, to complete her encirclement. But if they follow Italy's example in violating their pledges, what reliable barrier against possible German aggression can be erected? How can Italy herself be trusted not to pursue her future advantage without regard to promises? The prestige of the leading western democracies will be so reduced that Germany is bound to gain advantage from it. Smaller nations that have counted on their protection will no longer feel security in relying upon them. In so far as the League has acted as a guaranty of the European status, the balance of forces will be upset.

A further possibility is that Italy may find her task more difficult than she expects, and that she will exhaust herself, morally and physically, in the contest. In that case she would be a weak link in the anti-German chain, even though Mussolini himself kept faith. She would be hesitant to undertake still greater sacrifices even if capable of doing so. An eventual internal overturn is by no means inconceivable, and with the Fascist regime gone and

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ivil disorder existing, the main pillar of the struc- ıre for which the League was sacrificed would ave crumbled. France and Britain have once be- ore experienced the loss of a war ally by revolu- on. If Russia's place in the last war had not been lled by the United States, their position would ave been precarious indeed. Italy engaged in a ubious African adventure is by no means so val- able to them as Italy at peace.

Nor is it certain that either France or Britain ɔuld avoid immediate trouble with Italy by trying ɔ act as neutrals. Neutrals traditionally sell to oth sides. British and French munitions and sup- lies consigned to Ethiopia would be sent in British nd French ships through Mediterranean waters atrolled by Italian cruisers, submarines and air- lanes. Italy would not consent to allow these oods to pass if she could help it. We learned in 916 what a situation of that kind means. The eutral either has to dispute control of the seas 'ith the power exercising the blockade or abet that ower in stopping the flow of contraband. Either ɔurse is an abandonment of neutrality. It may be ıat the British and French will be content to aid taly in the conquest of Ethiopia by continuing to mbargo shipments to that country. But if not, the 'ritish and French navies will have to contest with ıe Italian the control of the Mediterranean.

Though on all these counts the two western owers hesitate to allow Italy to do as she pleases, ıe other alternative is no less dangerous: close ıe Suez Canal to Italian troop movements and ıipments; embargo all sales of coal, iron and ther necessities to Italy. If only these three na- ons were to be involved, the ultimate result could ot be in doubt. Italy might try to open the canal, ıe might engage in naval or perhaps even military esistance and counter measures. But her fate 'ould be hopeless. Nevertheless, there are other ossible sources of materials and help. The Ital- ıns would, of course, be aroused to a fury of re- ntment. They would be eager to ally themselves 'ith Germany. If Hitler were ready to act, he ɔuld seize this occasion to precipitate a general 'ar. If he were not ready to act, Italy would be bliged to surrender, but Hitler could count on her id in the future. No further alliance between ireat Britain, France and Italy is conceivable.

This being the prospect, Hitler is sure to try to ırn it to his advantage. British and French states- ıen may be receptive to overtures from him. They an act against Italy with relative safety if they an count upon Germany to support their position. ut Hitler would certainly give them no assurances 'ithout being paid a high price. What could 'rance and England give him? Nothing that 'ould not make him more dangerous in the future; ıdeed, hardly anything that would not start fur- ıer trouble in the present. In the shifting balance f forces, all sorts of new dangers would arise.

In the murk that now surrounds European rela- ons, it is difficult to trace the possibilities with precision or comprehensiveness. But we know that terrible explosives are concentrated. Any spark might set them off. Mussolini has lighted a fuse. Let us hope that it will sputter out before it reaches the magazine. The highest quality of statesmanship is now required to save the peace—if it is to be saved at all.

Who Got the Money?

THE Senate's investigation of Howard C. Hopson, controlling spirit of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, must be carried through to the end. If current reports are confirmed, a depth of corruption will be revealed in Washington unequalled under Harding, Daugherty and Fall. Hopson has admitted spending "between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars" to defeat the death-sentence clause of the utilities bill. In addition to sums used to pay for fake telegrams and to bribe newspapers by advertisements, we know that Hopson gave large amounts to lawyer-politicians in Washington. The Senate committee has an imperative duty to find out who these lawyer-politicians were, how much each one received, and exactly what he did with the money given him. The time is past for reticence. There is a widespread belief, based on circumstantial evidence, that the votes of a number of House members were bought. Whether this belief is justified we do not know. But the only way to restore the country's confidence is by a revelation of the facts, whatever they are.

A good place to begin would be with Chairman John J. O'Connor of the House Rules Committee. After hiding from the Senate investigating committee for nearly a month, Hopson appeared, apparently by prearrangement, before the House committee presided over by O'Connor. Hopson was treated with kindliness, even deference, by O'Connor's committee, and permitted to make speeches justifying himself and denouncing the advocates of utility regulation. When, after the first hearing, agents of the Senate committee attempted to serve Hopson with a subpoena, they were hustled out of the way at the command of an unknown person. For two days, Hopson was encouraged to elude the Senate process servers. Investigators for the Senate committee allege that Hopson paid $25,000 to Basil O'Connor, brother of John J. and former law-partner of Mr. Roosevelt. John J. O'Connor has complained loudly and bitterly that it is unjust to him to suspect that the excessive good nature that he displayed toward Hopson was inspired by his brother's fee. O'Connor is mistaken. He has done much tending to justify suspicion of him. Once he learned of Hopson's fee to his brother, he had no choice, it seems to us, but to withdraw from the House investigation, and volunteer to appear before the Senate committee for questioning. As it is the Senate committee will not have completed its task until it has answered these questions:

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1. What legal services did Mr. Basil O'Connor perform for Hopson in return for the relatively large fee of $25,000?

2. If the fee was partly to recompense Mr. Basil O'Connor for expenditures in Hopson's behalf, just what were these expenditures?

3. Before Hopson appeared before Mr. John J. O'Connor's committee, did O'Connor have any communication with him or his agents? If so, what was said?

4. When Hopson was testifying before his committee, why did not O'Connor endeavor to find out what Hopson had spent, and what for, the only questions germane to O'Connor's supposed inquiry?

The Cowboy Philosopher

ON A HOT Saturday in August, people in the United States were not discussing the danger of war in Africa, the muddled situation in Washington, or even the heat. They were talking about Will Rogers. The restaurant waitress, the streetcar conductor, the filling-station attendant spoke of his accidental death the day before as though each had lost a dearly loved personal friend. The daily press, which devoted page after page that day to reciting the facts of his life, seems to have gauged accurately the degree of public interest in him. Much of this, no doubt, was due to his career as an actor on the screen, or to his earlier personal appearances in vaudeville and revues; even more was probably the result of his long series of radio monologues. Some of it came from his daily brief newspaper dispatches, one of the most widely syndicated features of the American press. But all of it was indirectly a tribute to Will Rogers as a national personality.

One of the editors of The New Republic has two personal memories of Will Rogers that cast some light upon his temperament. A group of men sat through a long evening in a hotel lobby in Havana, in the course of which several famous political figures in America and Europe were mentioned with disparagement, by one member or another of the group. Invariably, it turned out that Will Rogers knew the man and had found something attractive about him. Eventually he remarked with a grin, "I just can't seem to dislike anybody I ever met. If I want to hate him, I've got to stay away from him."

The other occasion was a visit to Will's dressing room when he was a star of the Ziegfeld Follies. On a shelf breast high, built out from the wall, stood a portable typewriter on which, between his appearances on the stage, Rogers worked furiously preparing his material. In the typewriter, on this occasion, was a sheet of paper on which were written seven or eight versions of the same quip, each an improvement on the one before. Late in the performance, he did his monologue with the lariat. In the middle of it, he stopped, chuckled as though a thought suddenly occurred to him at that moment, and repeated the final version of the joke verbatim.

It was a striking fact about Will Rogers that millions of his admirers never realized the general direction in which his ideas pointed, or how little fundamental philosophy he had. His vivid likableness, his unfailing gift of humor covered a multitude of sins. He was in fact, in a fumbling and haphazard way, a truculent nationalist and isolationist of the Hearst school; he was Nietzschean in his ultimate reliance upon brute force. With his incessant hammering upon Congress he probably did something to accelerate the decline of faith in the democratic process that has been seen in America in recent years. He selected the objects of his stinging barbs of wit with discretion; no one knew better than he which side of his bread was buttered or how to make the butter thicker. What he did of course, was to drift along with the currents of prevailing opinion in the groups where he found himself or to which he aspired. In a country where these currents were of a different character, his whole career would have been vastly different. It is fair to note that in his private life he had the reckless generosity so frequently (but not invariably) found among members of the theatrical profession, and he hid his philanthropies as many actors do not.

There is some merit in the comparison so often and so lightly made between Will Rogers and Mark Twain. Like Twain, he concealed a profound pessimism about ultimate objectives beneath a jester's exterior. He entered the world of ideas rather late in life, and acquired a vast audience without ever acquiring anything in particular to say. In his salty shrewdness, as in his fundamental pessimism he carried on the cracker-barrel tradition of two or three generations ago. The outstanding difference between Twain and Rogers was that the former's observation of human frailty and cruelty aroused in him a deep and burning indignation, even though he was often thwarted in its expression by the inhibitions laid upon him by his social and business associates. There is no evidence that any such fire ever burned in the breast of the Sage of Claremore.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1935, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
R. G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Parenthood in Decline

OF LATE years public sentiment toward family limitation has changed rapidly. Side by side with the change, biologists have made steady and at times spectacular progress in learning to control parenthood in animals. Indeed, it looks as if the unwanted child would disappear from those communities which make full use of biological discovery. Most of us welcome the outcome; a minority clinging to the traditional view prophesy disaster. Putting aside propaganda or prejudice there is ground for either view. In itself scientific discovery is neither good nor bad. Poison gases may be used to wipe out insect pests or harmful rodents as well as to destroy human life. What matters in the long run is how society makes use of new discoveries.

Population growth depends upon the rate at which the mothers of the present generation are being replaced by future mothers. If each possible mother produces on the average less than one girl child, it is clear that as soon as the effect of previous and more fertile generations on the age composition disappears, the population must decline rapidly. England, Austria and Germany started on this decline in 1927. And recent estimates of population growth in the United States forecast a maximum population of 150,000,000 in twenty to forty years, followed by a decline.

The downward trend of population in industrialized communities is emphasized when differences of fertility in different social groups occupying the same geographical area are taken into consideration. In the past this has been mainly discussed in relation to the quality of the population, concern about which is often exaggerated. There is insufficient evidence to show that very striking differences of hereditary make-up distinguish social classes with different fertility rates. Even if there were, differences between fertility rates are rapidly becoming less pronounced. Thirty years ago fertility was very much lower among the more prosperous classes than among the poor. But evidence that has become available during the last few years points to the conclusion that the less prosperous sections of the community are moving toward the low level of fertility attained at an earlier date by the prosperous groups. In some of the large capitals of Europe parity has been reached. Certain population groups have now reached a rate of decline that is far below that shown by the population as a whole. The more fertile groups (for instance, rural as compared with urban, or working-class as compared with well-to-do) are generally the larger. And if these larger sections are approaching the level of the less fertile sections of the community there seems little hope that the populations of industrialized countries will sustain their existing growth capacity, which is already very low. Unless some very striking change in social conditions takes place, fertility will continue to fall steeply for some time to come.

Meanwhile the prevailing reaction of philanthropic organizations in the face of unemployment is to advocate sterility as a cheap alternative to the maintenance of efficient social services. Birth-control propagandists keep up a barrage of rhetoric with a zest undeterred by realization that the enemy trenches are empty. Birth-rate figures show sufficiently that the unfortunate women with an excessive toll of pregnancies discussed so often in clinic reports are already becoming an insignificant minority. By one means or another most women are managing to avoid having large families, though there has not been any decrease in capacity to produce living children during the period of falling birth rates. And it is excessive optimism to believe that a drop in population will automatically absorb the unemployed. It is far more likely that the first economic effect observed would be a dwindling internal market and increased unemployment. As yet we have no social mechanism for the rapid transfer of workers from closed baby-carriage factories to shops making eye glasses or artificial teeth.

For a simple reason the gravity of the position has not been widely realized. In no civilized communities, except France and Esthonia in 1929, have we yet seen an excess of deaths over births. This is due to the fact that there is a considerable lapse of time before the full effects of declining fertility are seen. Our present parents are the offspring of a more fertile generation. Their numbers are disproportionately large compared with younger age groups and the crude birth rate for the total population does not give a correct idea of how fast parents are reproducing themselves. Consequently events have not yet forced us to envisage the problems that will emerge in a sociey overweighted with octogenarians.

Efforts that have already been made to induce people to have larger families, have usually taken the form of some economic inducement. There are few highly industrialized countries where some limited scheme of family endowment has not been tried—and found to produce no appreciable effect on the birth rate. It is not difficult to see why. In no case is the allowance for a child more than a small percentage of the income of a single man. With modern standards of child welfare a child costs at least as much as an adult for food, clothing, housing, attendance and medical care, not to mention education. Scrutiny of the household budget of any family above the poverty level would

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suggest that a system of family allowances such as might be expected to have a pronounced effect on the net reproduction rate, would have to give a married man with four children at last four times the income of a single man doing the same work.

To decide what incentive would be really effective in increasing the birth rate, we need to assess the part played by men and women respectively in family limitation. It would be a grave error to assume that the main drive to family limitation comes from women. There cannot be any doubt that men are at least as determined as women to limit their families and are showing an increasing disposition to avoid the economic burdens involved. The contrary impression is sometimes given by neo-Malthusian propagandists who carry on their work through the medium of clinics. Clinic reports lead many to imagine that the main incentive to the extended use of contraception is the determination of women to rid themselves of a burden imposed on them by men. As applied to the more prosperous classes, this belief is sheer nonsense. In classes or districts where there is no tradition of family limitation the burden of excessive child bearing probably falls most heavily on the mother, and it was of such mothers that the clientele of birth-control clinics in their early years was largely composed. But it would seem that men are even more ready than women to perceive the advantages of some means of control when a tradition of family limitation has been firmly established.

Many, if not most, women still find in motherhood compensations that to some extent counterbalance the disabilities entailed. For many men there are no such compensations. We are approaching a state of affairs when all children will be born either as the result of an accident or through the initiative of the mother. Today the main concern of women is spacing out their pregnancies so as to safeguard their health and that of their children, or so as to avert the risk of an excessively large family, while men generally are determined to restrict their families to at most two, or much more rarely three, irrespective of the rate at which the children are produced.

In many marriages there is little difficulty in achieving a satisfactory compromise between the desires of both partners. However, it is likely that the full effect of the male attitude to reproduction resulting from the social emancipation of women has not yet been realized. The protective attitude of the patriarchal husband is being replaced by a conception of marriage based upon equality of responsibilities and community of interest. The irruption of children into the modern erogamic marriage involves a displacement of emotional and physical intimacy. In the modern marriage the husband is increasingly jealous of the claims that the child makes on the mother's time and emotional interest. This situation has special bearing upon the future of population growth in Russia, where all occupations are open to women.

Taking the facts as they stand it does not seem that women betray a disposition to reproduce at a rate sufficient to maintain a population in existence. To guarantee this result incentives for both sexes are necessary, and it may happen that incentives that would be adequate for women would fail to overcome the opposition of men. This would lead to one of three possibilities. The first is that industrial civilization of the type with which we are familiar will cease to exist. The second is that the determination of women to reproduce and to continue the race will lead to a sex war surpassing in bitterness the fight for professional education or the vote, and terminating in a more matriarchal type of social organization. The third possibility is that men and women may both be able to make the necessary emotional adjustments to a society in which children fulfill a social function, which at present they do not do.

Population decline did not begin toward the latter half of the nineteenth century because contraceptives were invented about that time. The means used were invented long before; the really significant issue is the motive that led to their increasing popularity. One conspicuous social change that supplies a motive is that the child was ceasing to be an economic asset to its parents. Previously, up to the time when restrictions upon child labor were introduced and compulsory elementary education became universal, children increased the prosperity of the family. Even later they could be regarded as a form of insurance against old age. Now the pattern of family life has got so badly adjusted that parents devote the greater part of their income, energy and comfort to rearing children they may never see again after maturity.

In some quarters the complete institutionalism of children has been urged as a solution. But the rare women who find pregnancy rejuvenating may well prefer a sea voyage to the trouble of producing children, if they are to be handed over to the state forthwith. Unless ectogenesis becomes a social routine we must assume the permanence of some sort of family environment for parents and children.

The propagandists of birth control have conveniently shut their eyes to the size of family necessary to maintain a stationary population. While the fashionable family at the moment consists of one, two or, more rarely, three children, the fact is that population will eventually decline unless there are four or more children to the average family. One way to attack the problem of furnishing incentives for a birth rate of this size might be to break down the distinction existing between the parasitic child and the productive adult. In a primitive society where all necessary activities are performed by a small group of people, the process of education consists in imitating activities that are under the child's eyes the whole time. In the civilization of the can opener and the electric switch, many people spend twenty-one years of their lives

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in education that has hardly the remotest connection with the machinery of living. It might be thought that such a criticism could not be leveled at the education of the coal miner. On the contrary the education of the coal miner does not include any explanation of one of the most fundamental facts in his life, namely, why at any moment he may not be allowed to continue to mine coal. He is as helplessly uneducated as the mathematician who has the theory of potential at his finger tips and cannot mend a fuse.

The major problem of our civilization is one of adjusting immensely complicated technical processes to the satisfaction of human needs. We cannot hope to solve this unless education is more intimately connected with experience at every stage. If the child is going to continue learning till the end of its life there is no reason why it should not begin producing at the beginning of its life. From its earliest years it can learn to look after itself and to share actively in the work of house or garden. As experience of life widens, educational horizons broaden correspondingly. The free play of children is in large part an imitation of such adult activities as they have an opportunity of observing. As an educational force this imitativeness, in our present system of society, is largely wasted.

The coöperative child can change the psychological background of the family unit. In most families there is resentment, suppressed on the part of the mother, often openly expressed on the part of the father, at the demands in time and energy made by totally dependent children. If the children are useful members of the household the parents' attitude is changed and financial sacrifices are not felt so much. One of the significant factors in the disinclination of women to have large families is the nervous and physical fatigue complained of in the caring for small children. This fatigue is practically unknown to the mother who brings up her children as reasonable human beings and not as hospital patients. Certainly the coöperative household is difficult to achieve satisfactorily under urban conditions. The efficiency of the urban labor-saving flat has been designed for the childless family. Any mother of wide experience knows that a garden attached to a house is a more valuable labor-saving device than all the electrical apparatus hitherto invented. In modern architecture, space and esthetic fashion conspire together in making parenthood unbearable. When industrial civilization is brought face to face with the menace of underpopulation, we shall discover that sterility has been built into the material fabric of the modern city. Maybe we shall discover it too late.

ENID CHARLES.

Night Ride in Birmingham

The story that follows is not a pretty one. It is published for two reasons. The first is that it is true: the facts have been verified from several independent sources in Birmingham, and from photographs of Mr. Owen taken immediately after the beating that he describes. The second reason is that this incident is not exceptional, but typical. In the anti-Red hysteria of the South today, so-called "Vigilantes" flourish; new laws are being passed, and old ones revised, to punish the circulation in any way of radical or even liberal doctrines; periodicals like The Southern Worker are published "underground" and distributed at the risk of prison sentences. The conditions that now exist differ in degree but not in kind from those in Nazi Germany and we believe we perform a public service in calling attention to this fact.—THE EDITORS.

BIRMINGHAM is hot. The air breathes steel, coal and ore. There are names that should be put in parentheses after the name Birmingham: TCI, Republic Steel, Schloss-Sheffield. And the greatest of these is TCI. TCI is Tennessee Coal and Iron—United States Steel, the House of Morgan.

As I got off the street car in the evening darkness the sky lit up orange and yellow, then faded to purple as another furnace was blown. I walked up the street, stopping to light a cigarette. When I saw him there in the shadow, I followed across the street and turned off into an alley a half block behind him. He motioned me into the shadow and we crouched silent together, this tall black roller from the steel mills and I, his bony worn hand strong and steady on my arm. Every fifteen minutes the police patrol car went by, sweeping its spotlight right and left.

Later, in the house with Madge Wilson, he told me. Madge was a young Negro woman with broad hips and a thin, sharp chin. They had stopped her that evening on her way home from the store with a loaf of bread. " What you got in that package, woman?" one deputy had asked.

"Bread."

"Open up. Let's see."

"Don't fool around there, nigger," the other one said, stepping down and coming around the car with revolver drawn. "You got some damn Red literature in there?" He ripped the paper and string, letting the loaf roll in the dirt. "Git on now," he said. "You black bitch."

In the company houses they have established a rule that workers with gardens must not grow corn or anything as high as a man's head. Lights burn

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in the spaces between the houses all night. Don't be found in the streets after nine-thirty. But somehow the meetings go on, somehow no terror can stop these meetings. Although it means jail and beating, leaflets appear miraculously on doorsteps overnight, calling for organization and struggle.

It was on my way home that a police car went by slowly, two uniformed men in the front seat. One drove, the other swung the spotlight full on me. Across the street stood a dark sedan, men standing about it, smoking. I walked on around the corner. They closed in and the Ford sedan quietly rolled in front of us, the doors already open. Not a person in the entire block. There was no sense in yelling for help.

Held firmly between them in the back of the car, we shot past the traffic light and between the rows of quiet buildings. No one said a word. The windows were closed tight and we all sweated slowly, out of breath from the tussle, panting.

Two in the front seat never turned. The driver drove silently, knowing where he was going, broad and squat and solid. The gaunt, forbidding shoulders in blue serge, next to him, were topped by a soft felt hat over a long neck. This man never moved, but smoked a cigarette and looked straight ahead of him.

Smash! It came, though I had known it would come, as a surprise. My lip was numb as I took a deep breath and tried to double up as it came again. This time it caught me on the cheek and I could feel the small surface of a yellow gold ring crushing the skin against the bone.

There was a salt taste to the thick blood, and I sucked it in with my breath. A sharp knee dug into my stomach and I gasped, straining to free my arms. I thought I would never again get air into my lungs, they felt crushed and splattered all over inside me. Somehow I forgot my face. It was in my lap maybe, maybe in his lap, a trip-hammer pounding on it, but it was no longer part of me. I started once more in my mind to go carefully through each pocket in my coat, my trousers, the one in my shirt. Suddenly the blows had stopped. The realization startled me and I opened my eyes, but only the right one would open.

Turning my head, I tried to look at him on my left. He wore a good tweed suit and his tanned, sweated face was young. Passing a street light there was a picture of his heavy lips rolling back from his irregular teeth, his nose looking as if it had been pounded and broken some time in the past, and his large, shaggy eyebrows straight over black, widely spaced eyes.

"Don't look at me, you bastard!" he said, and my head was knocked clear around by the blow, my neck twinging. I caught one glance at the fair, close-cropped hair of the one on my right, as he twisted my arm until my head went down toward my knees, and he held me there.

"Don't think there ain't plenty more coming," the guttural voice said there in the close air. "I'm just resting a minute, you sonofabitch."

Another short silence, then he moved once, and his knees came crashing up into my face. "Blaine Owen," he said. "Think you're smart, don't you. Blaine Owen." He dragged it out, gloating over the name, over the victim, like a jackal.

"You've got too much hair you god damn nigger lover," he said, and hauled me into a headlock, my face in his lap. His companion beat a tattoo on my ribs with his doubled fists.

"How do you like this?" he wanted to know, the sound coming choked and jagged from somewhere deep in his throat as a handful of hair was torn out and stuffed into the thick blood clogging my mouth. I said nothing. There was nothing to say.

"Putting out a god damn Red paper, you low bastard," he said. Again his knee came up sharply, and I thought my nose was surely broken this time, but it no longer mattered. Then I was heaved over and rolled off their knees onto the floor. I dug my face into my crooked arm. I watched my white sleeve darken slowly, as the blood dropped on it from my mouth and nose. I spat more blood and hair onto the sleeve and the floor before his heels dug into my head, and I could feel the scalp coming off on the sharp corner of the leather.

I tried to imagine where we were going by the lift of the car and the way it made turns and lurches. Then it was thrown into second gear and I knew we were climbing the long slope of Red Mountain behind the city, and from then on I knew I couldn't figure it out.

The air was a little better now because they had opened the windows when we got out of town, and the cool air blew off the mountain. When we finally stopped it was after miles of rough dirt road. The moon shone full in my face as they dragged me out and backed me up on the running board, my tie, used as a halter, tightening and cutting into my throat, gagging me. I clawed for air, the blood throbbing heavily in my ears and eyes.

The tall gaunt one stood in the shadow with the dull gleam of a revolver at his side, and asked me quick short questions. Each time he would pause long enough for the younger one with the straight dark brows and the rolling lips to slam me in the face. "He won't talk," he said. Smash! "Hasn't said a god damn word." Smash!

"You do mess with that Southern Worker sheet, now don't you?"

Keep your mouth shut, I said to myself over and over, keep your mouth shut, because they're going to finish you anyway, and the more you say, the more they'll pound before they finish you off.

"Where do you print that damn paper?" he wanted to know. "Will you get the hell out of here?"

"Hell, he ain't going to leave no more," the sticky one said, punctuating each question with a crack across the face. "He ain't never going nowheres when we get shut of him."

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"Throw him in the river," the fair young one said, and from somewhere a rope was brought.

It must have been the driver, whom I never saw except for the back of his low, broad head there in the car, who pulled my coat off from behind, while the rope cut down across my shoulders, with a high, crying swish before the sharp slap. I felt hands rip off the shirt strip by strip, yanking it off the places where blood had begun to dry and stick. Someone was ripping my trousers with a knife.

Lying face down on the ground I pretended I had passed out, and wondered why I hadn't. The rope cut across my back and at first I clamped my teeth together and it was all right. After the rope bit into the open places time after time, I kept saying to myself, "Throw me in the river, go ahead, bump me off." It gave me something to concentrate on. The whip came down taking bits of skin with it.

The whipping stopped, and a boot crashed into my ribs. I rolled over and slumped back on my face. There was a slight pause before it began again. The dark browed one danced up and down and whipped the rope around my shoulders and body with the force of the blow. Then it would be a moment before he could pull it away. The raw pain surged through my whole body, reached down and pierced my legs and my finger tips with each slash of the doubled rope, now wet with blood. I gasped and gagged for the breath which seemed burned out of me. I kept my lips tight shut, but I couldn't stop the grunts that came with each blow.

"Listen, listen," he shouted gleefully. "He can't take it. He wouldn't talk, huh? By god, he can make sounds now, can't he."

I don't know when it stopped. I only know that I could think of nothing but the great necessity of keeping my mouth shut and lying as still as possible. I recall more questions coming out of the shadows, through the whisper of the descending rope, the eternal convulsions of pain. There was nothing more important in the world, nothing else in the world at that time, but this.

Vaguely I realized that it had stopped, heard the car door slam, and tried to lift my head as the tires dug into the soft dirt and the car spun away. I tried to see the license number in the moonlight, but a mist hung over my right eye. The left was useless, buried under great puffs of swollen flesh.

I let my face drop forward again, and hugged the earth, not wanting to slip off into sleep, wanting now to go, somehow, back to Birmingham, back to the workers there.

Workers kept an armed vigil at my bedside. One metal worker, who had been a member of the Klan only a few years ago, brought his little eight-year-old boy to me. He asked me to sit up in bed, and he bared the cuts and slashes that criss-crossed my body, back and face, before the child's eyes.

"Look at that, sonny," he said. "That's the company. That's what you got to learn to hate—and fight agin."

BLAINE OWEN.

John Sutter

I was the patriarch of the shining land,
Of the blond summer and metallic grain;
Men vanished at the motion of my hand,
And when I beckoned they would come again.

The earth grew dense with grain at my desire;
The shade was deepened at the springs and streams;
Moving in dust that clung like pillared fire,
The gathering herds grew heavy in my dreams.

Across the mountains, naked from the heights,
Stumbling into the valley, settlers came,
And in my houses feasted through the nights,
Rebuilt their sinews and assumed a name.

In my clear rivers my own men discerned
The motive for the ruin and the crime—
Gold, heavier than earth, a wealth unearned,
Loot, for two decades, from the heart of Time.

Metal, intrinsic value, deep and dense,
Preanimate, inimitable, still,
Real, but an evil with no human sense,
Dispersed the mind and centered all the will.

Grained by alchemic change, the human kind
Turned from itself to rivers and to rocks;
With dynamite broke metal unrefined;
Governed its moods by geologic clocks.

With knives they gouged the metal out of stone;
Turned rivers back, for gold through ages piled;
Drove knives to hearts, and faced the gold alone;
Valley and river ruined and reviled;

Reviled and ruined me, my servant slew,
Strangled him from the fig-tree by my door;
When they had done what fury bade them do,
I was a cursing beggar, stripped and sore.

What end impersonal, what breathless age,
Incontinent of quiet and of years,
What calm catastrophe will yet assuage
This final drought of penitential tears?

YVOR WINTERS.

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The Rich Get Richer

The inequalities in the distribution of wealth and the burden of taxation in the United States are often described in general terms, but rarely does the public obtain a well documented analysis of the conditions actually existing. We present below such an analysis, prepared by Robert H. Jackson, Counsel to the Internal Revenue Bureau, and given by him in a hearing of the Senate Finance Committee. A few passages of subsidiary importance have been omitted.—THE EDITORS.

AS THE figures of tax collections have become available, it has become apparent that the present administration inherited in 1933 a tax structure that, in terms of making that burden proportionate to ability to pay, had become out of balance even by the standards adopted during the preceding administration. . . . Miscellaneous internal revenue taxes and our entire structure of customs taxes, and now processing taxes, have an incidence that has little relation to ability to contribute to the cost of government. It is a commonplace that such taxes are proportioned to consumption, hit poorer classes hardest, and rest with greater weight upon large families with small incomes than they do upon small families with large incomes.

It may be assumed that collections in the year 1930, governed largely by the Revenue Act of 1928, represented a ratio of burden between these two types of taxes, fairly deliberately arrived at, without intent to penalize the more affluent unduly.

In that year we find that those taxes bearing most heavily on the well-to-do contributed $2,475,000,000 to the national treasury, or 68.2 percent of its total internal revenue and customs receipts, while miscellaneous taxes and customs receipts, bearing most heavily upon the consumer, contributed only $1,152,000,000, or 31.8 percent.

By 1933, however, this ratio had so changed that only $781,000,000 was raised from the taxes based on ability to pay, and that sum constituted only 41.7 percent of the federal internal revenue and customs receipts, while taxes based on consumption produced $1,090,000,000, or 58.3 percent of such federal receipts.

Since 1933 the trend has been in the same direction, but the percentage change is relatively small. In 1935 the taxes based on ability to pay contributed 38.7 percent of the internal revenue and customs receipts, or a decline since 1933 of only about 3 percent; and during the same period there has been an increase in the proportion of revenues contributed by taxes based on consumption from 58.3 to 61.3 percent, an increase of only about 3 percent. . . .

While the shift in the tax burden from those more able to those less able to pay has been small from 1933 to 1935, this shift, however small, is unsound. The trend should be reversed.

In weighing this shifting burden of taxation, allowance must also be made for declining incomes that make the relative weight of these consumer taxes greater than mere yield would signify. These taxes are paid largely out of consumers' purchasing power, and are borne to a great extent by those whose incomes are barely adequate for maintenance and who lack other resources to fall back upon. . . .

The cost of the emergency measures to combat the depression has of necessity been met largely by borrowing. As we emerge from the depression, it is time to make such adjustments in the tax structure as will meet the postponed costs of protecting the social order with a tax structure in which the balance between taxes levied on the basis of ability to pay, and taxes based on consumption, is more equitable.

Added revenue to go toward balancing the budget and toward meeting the cost of overcoming a depression that threatened rights of property should be contributed by the propertied classes in proportion to their ability to pay.

THE RISE OF MILLIONAIRES

It is well known that the per-capita income of the United States, particularly in the years 1928 and 1929, ranked among the highest in the world, and resulted in a high standard of living.

When the total income of the United States is averaged, the figures are impressive, but when it is viewed, not as it might be if it were equalized by averaging, but as it actually is distributed, the result must arouse concern.

Even informed observers were startled at the tendency to concentration, and the rate of concentration indicated by the 1935 returns. The number of persons filing income tax returns decreased from 1932 by 3.8 percent. Not all who file returns pay taxes, because of exemption, so that only 1,747,740 persons out of our entire population reported taxable incomes and the total amount of income reported fell by 5.5 percent.

Yet in the face of generally declining incomes, and in spite of the bank holiday and other events of that year, the number who reported net taxable incomes of $1,000,000 or over more than doubled, having increased from twenty in 1932 to fifty such persons in 1933.

By general consent, our income tax laws, under all administrations, have provided exemptions, in amounts considered necessary to reasonable subsistence, so as to avoid depressing the standard of living within the lower income groups. The significant result is that when the groups that are considered to need all of their income for necessities are omitted, we have only a relatively small number left.

Applying the standard thus set by Congress as necessary to a reasonable way of life, we find the largest number who ever rose above that standard, as evidenced by the number of returns indicating taxable incomes, to be 5,518,310. This was in 1920 when exemptions allowed were at their lowest. In 1933 the returns filed that showed taxable incomes numbered 1,747,740.

The conclusion indicated by Treasury statistics is that

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the base for our income tax is now seriously narrow and results in part from the fact that the number of people having incomes above a generally accepted subsistence level is seriously small.

Treasury statistics, on individual incomes, point to the same conclusions as a recent study of incomes by family groups. This basis is also important because the family is the usual unit of spending.

Distribution of National Income

Recently the Brookings Institution, in connection with its study, "America's Capacity to Consume," presented figures on the distribution of our national income in the year 1929 by family units. The following estimates were disclosed:

> Nearly 6,000,000 families, or more than 21 percent of the total, had incomes of less than $1,000 annually, or less than $25 a week.
>
> About 12,000,000 families, or more than 42 percent, had incomes of less than $1,500.
>
> Nearly 20,000,000 families, or 71 percent, had incomes of less than $2,500.
>
> Only a little over 2,000,000 families, or 8 percent, had incomes in excess of $5,000.
>
> About 600,000 families, or 2.3 percent, had incomes in excess of $10,000.
>
> In the year 1929, 36,000 high-income families received as much of our national income as 11,000,000 families with the lowest incomes.

We have just studied the incomes of fifty-eight taxpayers who, in 1932, reported total taxable and non-taxable incomes exceeding $1,000,000. Of the fifty-eight such taxpayers, thirty-eight, or over 70 percent, are accounted for by membership in fourteen families. This indicates that statistics may fail to reveal the true extent of concentration of opportunity and control, and hence of the benefit of organized government and of both ability and duty to pay.

Large incomes are derived in the main from invested capital, not from wages or salaries. The concentration of income among a small number of individuals results from, and at the same time furthers, wealth concentration. Unfortunately, information relating to the distribution of wealth is less definite than that relating to distribution of income, but the estate-tax returns filed in 1932, while not fully indicative, do give us some idea of the measure of wealth concentration. They are shown in the following table:

Net Estate Classes[1]	*Number of Returns*	*Percent*	*Value of Gross Estate*[2]	*Percent*
Non-taxable	2,009	28.3	184	7.7
Under 100	2,762	28.8	442	18.4
100—400 ..	1,600	22.5	564	23.5
400—1,000 ..	500	7.0	429	17.8
1,000—5,000 ..	215	3.0	507	21.0
5,000—10,000 ..	21	.3	168	7.0
10,000 and over..	6	.1	110	4.6
Total....	7,113	100.0	2,404	100.0

[1] In thousands of dollars, after allowable deductions and a pecific exemption of $100,000 for each estate.

[2] Gross estate value as reported, in thousands of dollars, less indebtedness against the estates.

This table shows that nearly one-third of all the property reported as passing by death was concentrated in less than 4 percent of the estates, none of which were valued at less than one million net, and if we drop down a little and begin with net estates of $400,000 we find that one-half of the property included in estate returns in the United States in 1932 was included in 10 percent of the estates. Rough as this measure is admitted to be, it none the less presents stubborn evidence that wealth is concentrated in a few hands.

It is often asserted that large wealth is dissipated in three generations and it has become a proverb that it is "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." It was doubtless once true that all a grandfather saved from the fruits of his labor could be spent by a grandson.

It is probably true today of very moderate fortunes. It is not true of large invested fortunes under present conditions. They not only perpetuate themselves, they grow.

This is because they are now so large. A riotous-living heir to one of our larger fortunes would exhaust himself before he could exhaust the income alone of the estate. Furthermore, such estates are largely perpetuated in trusts, and every legal and economic obstacle to their dissipation is employed.

They are invested in the enterprises of the country where the income and management are not dependent upon the judgment or industry of the heir, or are invested in tax-free government securities.

Most of the large estates as at present managed, we find, not only perpetuate themselves but are larger as they pass from generation to generation. With large incomes from inherited property remaining intact or actually increasing there results a diversion of a large proportion of the community's productive resources to the satisfaction of the wants of a few individuals, and a fastening of control in few hands.

As pointed out earlier, under the prevailing distribution of income, even in the most prosperous times a large proportion of the population lives at or even below the level recognized by Congress as necessary for adequate subsistence.

In a period of depression this same proportion of the population is pressed farther down the scale of living, while those in higher income groups, even though they suffer some reduction of income, are in a position to use their vast resources to maintain their accustomed very high standards of living.

In devising taxes on the basis of ability to pay those groups should have their tax burden readjusted to help meet the costs of protecting the social order in proportion to the advantages they enjoy.

Graduation Should Be Extended

The President in suggesting an extension of the principle of graduation to large incomes, used as an illustration of the defects of the present schedules the failure to apply the principle to incomes over $1,000,000. The inconsistency of failing to apply the principle of graduation at all above the $1,000,000 income is an illustrative, but not the only, inconsistency in the present schedule.

Before the $1,000,000 income is reached our rates on

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very large incomes rise very slowly. Thus, while the top-bracket rate for a man with a $5,000 income is double the rate for one with a $4,000 income, and the top-bracket rates rise from 4 percent to 54 percent between taxable incomes of $4,000 and $100,000, the top-bracket rates thereafter increase very slowly.

From just over $100,000 to anything in excess of $1,000,000 of annual income, the top-bracket rate increases only from 56 to 63 percent; and thereafter it does not increase at all, being the same for an annual income of $1,000,001, $2,000,000 or $5,000,000.

The progression of the effective rate on selected net incomes from $3,000 to $2,000,000 is shown in the following table[1]:

Net Income	*Rate Percent*	*Difference Between Classes*
$ 3,000	.3	....
5,000	1.1	.8
10,000	3.4	2.3
20,000	6.9	3.5
50,000	16.1	9.2
100,000	28.7	12.6
500,000	50.0	21.3
1,000,000	54.6	4.6
2,000,000	57.4	3.2

It must be emphasized, moreover, that our bracket rates are not the rates that are effective for the whole of an income. Each bracket rate applies only to a stated segment of the income; hence, a large part of all incomes are taxed at substantially lower rates than the rate applicable only to the last portion. On a $50,000 income, for example, the highest bracket rate, plus the normal rate, is 31 percent, but the actual effective rate is only 16.1 percent.

It is obvious that needed additional revenue might be obtained by a more consistent application of the principle of graduating the tax rate according to ability to pay.

The numbers of taxpayers in high income brackets advantaged by the sudden slowing up of the rate of progression, for the last five years for which figures are available, have been as follows:

Year	*Over $50,000 Net Income*	*Over $100,000 Net Income*	*Over $500,000 Net Income*	*Over $1,000,000 Net Income*
1929	38,889	14,816	1,489	513
1930	19,847	6,202	468	150
1931	11,014	3,184	226	77
1932	7,738	1,836	106	20
1933	8,072	2,047	130	50

Tax Dodgers in the Upper Brackets

An illustrative, but by no means all-inclusive, list of means by which in actual experience the large tax rates are made less effective, is set forth in the several following paragraphs:

Investment in tax-exempt securities is an important tax shelter. The small taxpayer finds their yield small, and the supplemental yield to him through tax savings insignificant. The large taxpayer finds the nominal yield supplemented by a very valuable tax exemption, and the result is a considerable concentration of holdings of tax-exempt securities among those having the larger incomes.

When Congress, therefore, writes rates such as apply to the wage-earners, salaried men, the small business men, or the professional men, it may be reasonably sure that most of them will pay the full legal rate upon their entire net income.

When considering the rates in the higher brackets, however, it must be remembered that they will apply to but a part of the taxpayer's actual income, for the taxpayers in the higher brackets, according to our studies, commonly have large tax-free incomes often equal to, or or in excess of, taxable incomes. By reason of this fact, rates apparently severe are in fact moderated, and to some extent made ineffective.

Sources of Non-Taxable Income

We have analyzed the 1932 returns of the fifty-eight taxpayers whose gross incomes for that year exceeded $1,000,000. Twenty of them had net taxable incomes exceeding $1,000,000. The information is incomplete. While the regulations require that tax-exempts shall be reported, although not taxed, a substantial number of taxpayers, including some of the largest, failed to return any information. The figures that we use, therefore, understate the extent of avoidance through tax-exempt securities.

The fifty-eight taxpayers reported the ownership of $461,000,000 tax-exempt securities and a tax-free income therefrom in that year of $21,000,487, as against a taxable income of the group amounting to $57,015,000. The exemption on this group in 1932 cost the government $11,866,000 in taxes.

This study indicates that our tax laws wholly fail to reach about 37 percent of the income actually enjoyed from all sources by those whose incomes are over a million dollars a year. . . .

Of the refuges from high taxes, the tax-free income is the most effective and least to be criticized so long as our laws allow it. But the effect that tax-exempt securities have by way of nullifying tax rates may well be considered in fixing rates upon that part of income which is taxable.

Big taxpayers also reduce their taxes by obtaining allowances, as business losses, of the expense of show farms, ranches, racing stables and hobbies, which are in fact amusements and recreations. This is done by asserting that the hobby is a business, entered into solely for profit, and the courts have generally sustained such claims when well sworn to. . . .

Taxpayers B, C and D are three such distinguished farmers, each of whom has regularly lost from $150,000 to $200,000 a year on his farm. In the last five years B has reduced his taxes $221,000, C $210,000 and D $206,000 because of farm losses. Such "farm relief" is not available to smaller payers who cannot deduct for their hobbies or amusements. . . .

Our income tax law has been so devised and administered as to permit the forms of corporate reorganization to be used for the stepping up of wealth without the payment of a tax. The privilege of corporate reorganization

[1] Based on 1934 rates, applied to incomes reported in "Statistics of Income" for 1933. Account has been taken of dividends, partially exempt interest and earned income credit, all of which are exempt from the normal tax. A deduction of $2,500 (*i. e.*, the personal exemption for a married person with no dependents) was made from each net income shown above.

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without the recognition of a gain or loss has been abused; and taxpayers, whose affairs are sufficiently large and so ordered that they can use it advantageously, have been able to convert their assets into essentially different values and often to hand on at death the securities representing the stepped-up value with no income tax ever having been paid upon the increase.

This, incidentally, is true of all capital gains that are not realized prior to death. Such gains escape income tax entirely.

Likewise, it has been mainly taxpayers in the high levels of income who have been able to have their cake and eat it too, through fictitious or shadow sales of assets by which they record a loss for tax purposes, but never actually part with the control or beneficial enjoyment of the asset claimed to have been sold.

Other avoidance or evasion devices to reduce the effective tax rate, of which there are many within or upon the borderline of the law, are available only to substantial taxpayers purely because of the cost of lawyers and machinery. . . .

The foregoing are merely illustrative of some of the major methods by which the rates in higher levels are rendered partially ineffective and indicate that increased rates and revenues may properly be sought in those brackets to equalize the burdens of taxation and apply the principle of taxation according to benefits received and resultant ability to pay.

Inheritance Versus Estate Taxes

Taxation of inheritances and gifts is not, as many have assumed, a new field of taxation by the federal government. . . .

The principles by which the taxation of inheritance is distinguished from the taxation of the estate as a whole are well understood. While the estate tax has simplicity of administration in its favor, the inheritance tax is more truly based on ability to pay and on benefits received, in that the tax is proportioned to the amount actually received by the legatee, while the estate tax makes no discrimination between an estate divided among, say, five heirs, and one passing to a single heir.

The principal questions that have been raised relate to administration, such as collection problems, hardship on going business and valuation. We see no serious difficulties in the way of administration of inheritance taxes. The estimated total number of inheritances of $1,000 and over is only 161,755 per year at the present time, as compared with individual income tax returns filed for 1933 in excess of 3,700,000.

From the figures of income already given, one will see that the prospect of accumulating sizable estates is a hope to the many and a realization to but few. Furthermore, all inheritances of any substantial size are matters of court record.

The Treasury has made a rough estimate of the distribution of inheritance, based upon the United States 1935 estate values after deduction of federal estate taxes. The findings of the Treasury Department are shown in the following tabulation:

Average Inheritance (In thousands of dollars)	*Number of Returns*	*Amount in Class (In thousands of dollars)*
1.55	33,136	51,361
4.27	18,197	77,701
7.40	46,008	340,459
12.67	24,954	316,084
15.17	14,296	216,885
21.05	7,220	151,981
27.07	3,944	106,748
32.85	2,772	91,049
40.90	3,252	132,994
51.83	1,976	102,416
62.51	1,224	76,512
79.73	1,604	127,887
100.71	840	84,595
136.96	1,120	153,390
185.98	452	84,061
239.60	272	65,171
286.76	108	30,970
337.29	156	52,617
426.35	76	32,403
507.35	40	20,294
640.29	40	25,612
803.97	4	3,216
976.10	24	23,426
1,270.35	20	25,407
1,758.55	20	35,171

Liquidation of Large Estates

Much has been said of the difficulties involved in liquidating large estates in order to pay taxes imposed at high rates. Unquestionably some estates are so situated that liquidation is difficult, long delayed and accomplished only at sacrifice.

Where estates are frozen or embarked in hazardous enterprises, unquestionably difficulties will arise that will require sympathetic administration on the part of the bureau if hardship is to be avoided.

Legislation, however, must have regard for the general condition rather than for the exceptional. Examination of data as to the composition of estates filed under the Federal Estate-Tax Law during the calendar years 1932 and 1933, indicates that the difficulty of liquidation may be exaggerated. This is illustrated by the figures of the folowing table:

	1932		1933	
	Amount (in thousands of dollars)	*Percent*	*Amount (in thousands of dollars)*	*Percent*
Real estate	433,374	15.5	385,831	19.1
Securities	1,548,414	55.4	1,075,178	53.0
Mortgages, notes, cash, insurance, etc.	476,460	17.0	457,271	22.5
Miscellaneous	337,571	12.1	108,651	5.4
Total	2,795,819	100.0	2,026,931	100.0

The foregoing figures for 1932 relate mainly to the estates of persons who died in 1931. It is to be noted that 55.4 percent of the property comprising gross estates was left in the form of securities, with mortgages, notes, cash and insurance accounting for an additional 17 percent of the total.

Of course, the adequacy of these assets to meet tax claims in any individual case would be influenced greatly by the ratio of debts, pledges and liens existing. We find, however, that debts, unpaid mortgages, etc., were only 14 percent of total gross estate in 1932 and 17 percent in 1933.

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Perhaps the best measure of the actual difficulty that estates now experience is the number of estates that are granted extensions of time for the payment of tax. For the fiscal years 1929 to 1935 the average number of estates obtaining extensions has been under 2 percent. . . .

The National Industrial Conference Board in a study of inheritance-tax proposals asks: "If a well-to-do business man with a net estate of $100,000,000, over and above the exemption of $50,000 for the estate tax, should desire to leave his estate to an only son, what net amount would the son receive?" Under certain assumptions it answers that he would receive $13,157,850, and that death taxes of all kinds would take about 87 percent of the estate. One involuntarily asks if an estate of $100,000,000 represents that of a "well-to-do business man," what size estate does a man need to be considered really rich.

The example so offered is over-simplified, and other elements will be present in actual practice that enter into the consideration of the policy of the tax. It is not usual for a well-to-do business man with an estate of $100,000,000 in fact to follow the simple procedure specified. If the experience of the Bureau of Internal Revenue is to guide, one may safely assume that the son, during the father's lifetime, has had many direct and indirect advantages from his father's surplus of resources. In a great majority of cases one will find that he has already been given money and property, which represent a fortune as compared to the resources of most men.

Wealth Passes to Wealth

The father has probably set up trusts for the support of his children and grandchildren. Some of America's richest families have carried the setting up of trusts for future generations to the very limit permitted by law, and even provide for those yet unborn.

A very recent and tentative study of the tax methods pursued by one large family indicates the existence of 197 separate trusts, resulting in great tax advantages from the split-up of the income to separate tax entities. You will also find that the son has been given shares of stock in some of the leading companies in which his father's estate has been invested; that he has been elected to boards of directors, and probably placed in a position to receive a substantial salary. He has likely been taken in on profitable transactions and has accumulated a substantial estate of his own. It is a rare thing, in actual practice, that a big estate descends to a person in poverty. Most of the big estates descend to persons already advantaged by wealth far beyond the hopes of the average person. . . . Therefore, we may safely assume that the $13,000,000 net inheritance is a small part of the real advantages from the accident of being born son to a well-to-do business man.

Of course, even taking the National Industrial Conference Board's naked example, the $100,000,000 estate will leave for the heir $13,000,000. At interest rates of 4 to 5 percent this will produce a regular annual income for the heir ranging from a half million to $700,000.

An analysis prepared by Mr. Jackson showing the present concentration of corporate wealth will be published in next week's issue.—The Editors.

Washington Notes

Republicans on the Make—Out Pops MacIntyre—Some Results of the Session

As THE session moves to its long delayed close, the air is noisy with partisan fireworks. There has been no such display since Charles Michelson used to make the nights hideous for Mr. Hoover with his giant torpedoes and Roman candles. Now, however, it is the Republicans who are delightedly heaving lighted cannon-crackers in the White House windows. Although the display means nothing so far as the future welfare of the country is concerned, it has great importance for the Republican professionals. They have bright hopes that the showing made by their party during the last few weeks will enable them to blast loose a few preliminary contributions from big business.

For weary months, the problem of the Republican National Committee has been to bring about a revival of business confidence in the party. Reputedly a number of rich men have been prepared to spend money to defeat Roosevelt, but have not regarded the future of the Republican Party as sufficiently promising to warrant donations. The Democratic defeat in Rhode Island has helped dissipate this skepticism. So, too, has the evident wish of the Democratic high command to dodge an election in Ohio, where the seat made vacant by the death of Representative Charles V. Truax must be filled by a statewide election. After a hurried trip to the White House, Governor Davey refused to set the election for November, the normal date, postponing it, instead, until May. The Republicans rightly consider this an unsolicited testimonial to their new strength.

Once they can start contributions flowing their way, the professionals look forward to a rush business. They feel that they now have an attractive line of goods to offer. They regard the party's opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's present tax program as a particularly hot number. Despite its final innocuousness, the tax bill alarmed many rich people. The professionals will argue that it is better to contribute five or ten thousand dollars to the Republican fund than to pay the same amount to a future tax collector.

The chief aid to the Republicans in their contribution collecting, especially from great corporations, is likely to be the resentment among the rich caused by Mr. Morgenthau's quiet tightening up of the Treasury's tax machinery. It may not be literally true that the wealthy do not care who makes the nation's laws if they can dictate the tax rebates handed down by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, but this approximates the case. The vigor with which the Treasury has prosecuted Andrew Mellon before the Board of Tax Appeals, and the Board's recent decision in the Charles E. Mitchell case, have aroused much apprehension. Mr. Morgenthau's reformation of the Treasury, while still incomplete, has been a remarkable job, considering that he had to rescue it from the dominance of Mr. Farley and a little group of Democratic professionals.

No one beyond the fairy-tale age doubts that the death-sentence vote in the House was influenced by money spent by the utility companies. The revelation that one of the

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two chief law-making bodies of the country can be had for cash, however, has been taken calmly in Washington. Most people regarded the utility investigation as a great comedy, or else an exhibition of an ill bred desire for publicity on Senator Black's part. Following the recognized tendency of nature to imitate art, the investigation has now in fact turned into a farce, very like one of the plays that Mr. Al Woods used to adapt from the French. The big hotel-bedroom scene, in which Sergeant-at-Arms Jurney, the featured comic, knocks on the door of the bad utility lobbyist, Mr. B. B. Robinson, and out tumbles the good President's secretary, Marvin MacIntyre, in full view of the audience, was played last week. Mr. Woods used to have two doors and a girl, but the investigators doubtless have another, better bedroom scene later on. In Washington, Mr. MacIntyre is usually described as lovable, but I think harmlessness more accurately denotes the quality people have in mind. He is a great diner-out, and it is impossible to dine out in Washington without finding a lobbyist under your napkin or in your soup. For at least a year, Washington has been filled with rumors about the intimacy of MacIntyre with big business opponents of the Roosevelt administration. By those who know MacIntyre, these stories have been dismissed as unimportant, even if true, but unquestionably they have caused many people to question the sincerity of the whole administration. Mr. Roosevelt ought to tie MacIntyre up at night, or else hire a dining partner for him.

In review, the political results of the present session seem incredible. The plain evidence of one's eyes and ears is that the Republican Party has been greatly strengthened, not to say rescued from Mr. Ford's museum of early Americana at Dearborn, and that Mr. Roosevelt has been pushed over to a position slightly left of center. Yet, on the record, the two major administration measures, the $4,880,000,000 work-relief program and the social-security bill, in their final form were both accepted by big business, and received a large number of Republican votes. On the other hand, both were opposed by the left-wing bloc. During the discussion of the work-relief program, Mr. Roosevelt savagely fought the attempt of the left-wing bloc to insert a provision for the payment of the prevailing wage. Similarly, he resisted the left-wing effort to increase the unemployment benefits under the social-security measure. On two other decisive occasions, Mr. Roosevelt also took the conservative side. By agreeing to an extension of the N.R.A. automobile code last January, he halted in mid-career the A.F. of L.'s campaign for the unionization of the mass industries. By his dramatic veto of the soldiers' bonus bill, he sent the reactionaries into paeans of praise. One might naturally suppose that by now Mr. Roosevelt would have established himself as the right-wing leader, would have succeeded in absorbing the remnants of the Republicans and that his opposition would be entirely from the left.

The answer to this puzzle, it seems to me, is not far to seek. It lies in the lack of labor representation in Congress. If Ernest Lundeen and Vito Marcantonio and Maury Maverick could have been multiplied twentyfold, there might now be a different story to tell. If there had been in the Senate labor representatives of the resourcefulness and tenacity of Borah and the isolationists during the League of Nations fight, it is at least conceivable that, using Congress as a pulpit, they would have been able during the session to have defined significant issues, awakened and mobilized public opinion and made the creation of a new party embracing all liberal and radical elements inevitable. Then you would have had conservatives flocking behind Mr. Roosevelt, confidently praising his sound Americanism. As it is, the revival of the Republican party must be set down as a function of big business's contempt for existing labor leadership.

Last week the American Philatelic Society met in Washington, partly because Mr. Roosevelt, after King George, is the world's most exalted stamp collector. The chief show of the meeting was to be a few pages from Mr. Roosevelt's album. On the opening day, an application for membership arrived from Herbert Hoover. Somehow the spectacle of Hoover's bidding for popular interest and affection in competition with Mr. Roosevelt arouses my sympathy. It is like Caspar Milquetoast suddenly squaring off against Joe Louis. No observer that I know of thinks that Hoover can obtain the Republican nomination for president, or could be reëlected if he did. The only thing that he can accomplish by his present activities is permanently to embitter his life.

Washington. T. R. B.

Words to Be Spoken

for Baoth Wiborg, son of Gerald and Sara Murphy, who died in New England in his sixteenth year and a tree was planted there.

O shallow ground
That over ledges
Shoulders the gentle year

Tender O shallow
Ground your grass is
Sisterly touching us

Your trees are still
They stand at our sides in the
Night lantern

. . .

Sister O shallow
Ground you inherit
Death as we do

Your year also
(The young face
The voice) vanishes

Sister O shallow
Ground let the silence of
Green be between us

And the green sound

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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Other People's Money

Further Adventures of the Van Boys—Lessons in Thrift for the Youth of Today—Mopping Up the MOP

IN A NATION like ours, where thrift is so much worshipped and where the most heinous crime is to attempt to "soak the thrifty," one should never tire of bringing to the attention of our young people those splendid examples of thrift by which so many of our leaders in business life have acquired wealth. There are great numbers of young college men wandering about today in search of lucrative jobs—running elevators, trying to sell insurance, acting as economic advisers to filling stations and hot-dog stands—who could be rich in a few years if they only understood the simple principles of thrift. The best way to inculcate these principles is by the case method. Let us, therefore, look at those two thrifty boys, the Van Sweringens.

On October 16, 1929, the sun was brightly shining and all nature was in tune. Two cars were in every garage and two chickens stewing in every pot. On that happy day Oris and Manton—the Thrift Boys—sauntered out and made a contract with Armour and Company, the Swift family and others to buy certain railroad properties: the North Kansas City Bridge and Railroad Company, North Kansas City Development Company, St. Joseph Belt Railway Company and the Union Terminal Railway Company. The purchase price was $20,334,264—a pretty penny.

Now, my dear young men, Oris and Manton didn't go out undisguised. In this complicated and treacherous world, you cannot operate always under your own name. Do not, of course, use the old-fashioned alias. Do not call yourself Red Murphy one day and Butch Morgan another. You can have all the aliases you wish, but you must do it legally. First, therefore, you must get hold of a flock of corporations. Young Oris and Manton had many of them. Only a short while before, they had organized the Alleghany Corporation. They also had the Geneva Corporation and many others. All those were corporate aliases under which Oris and Manton operated. So on this October day Oris and Manton fared forth disguised as the Geneva Corporation. In that prosperous moment this little purchase must have seemed like a good bargain. Oris and Manton—alias the Geneva Corporation—agreed to pay the money and take the properties a year from that day, namely by October 16, 1930.

Came the storm, alas, only seventeen days later. Eternal prosperity ended and both chickens jumped out of the pot. And, of course, in due time October 16, 1930 arrived.

In the meantime, Oris and Manton had fared forth once more—this time disguised as the Alleghany Corporation. The Alleghany Corporation bought the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Oris and Manton controlled the Alleghany Corporation and the Alleghany controlled Geneva Corporation. Now keep all the plays in this fascinating game of thrift straight. Oris and Manton control the Alleghany. The Alleghany now owns the Missouri Pacific, known as the MOP. The Alleghany also owns Geneva Corporation. And Geneva Corporation has a contract to buy the various Kansas City properties for $20,334,264. The time for putting up the money is coming due. But the whole business structure has collapsed. And those K.C. properties are no longer worth $20,334,264. Somebody is faced with a loss. Will it be Oris and Manton? Well, watch the boys work.

First they create another alias. They organize another corporation—Terminal Shares, Inc.—owned also by their Alleghany Corporation. On October 16, 1930, the Armours and Swifts turn the K.C. properties over to the Terminal Shares, Inc. Terminal Shares pays money supplied by Alleghany. The Van Sweringens are stuck with those properties which are now worth only half the $20,334,264 paid for them. But how easy to get rid of this loss! Why not have Terminal Shares, Inc., unload them on the MOP? The MOP is helpless. The Vans control it through Alleghany. So the MOP directors, dominated by the Vans, vote to buy the properties. O. P. Van Sweringen is chairman of the board. Terminal Shares' directors vote to sell to MOP. The same gentleman acts as lawyer for the MOP and for Terminal Shares, Inc. And thus the sale is made. And—so you see—bright little Oris and Manton have saved themselves from a great loss. But the thrift boys don't feel a dollar saved is a dollar made unless you make a dollar along with the one you save. So they did two things.

1. They sold the properties to the MOP for $20,334,264 (exactly what they paid for them) with interest until the whole amount was paid by MOP. But you do not make a payment of money interest by calling it interest. They gave the MOP five years to pay the purchase price, *but they held possession of the properties during the five years.* Interest is a payment for the use of money or property value. But the MOP didn't get the property. Oris and Manton kept their cake and charged MOP for the use of it. The effect of this was really to add over $3,000,000 to the purchase price—a neat little profit for Oris and Manton. The R.F.C. is now suing them to force them to return that money to the MOP.

2. When they sold the properties to the MOP they held out certain claims that they acquired with their purchase of the properties, worth $4,100,000. And so the R.F.C. charges that the Vans not only unloaded on the MOP the greatly depreciated properties they were stuck with but stood to make over $7,300,000 on the deal. And all this was done when the whole railroad world was in grave distress and the MOP was moving toward bankruptcy, into which troubled harbor the road came at last.

And now for the latest chapter. The R.F.C. has instituted proceedings to force the Van Sweringens and their Alleghany Corporation to disgorge their profits on this deal. The Vans make various points in reply. But one of the points is—observe the slyness of this—that the railroad is now about to be reorganized and that they have submitted a plan to that end. The plan, of course, outlined last week in this department, is devised to "soak the bondholders" and keep the Vans and their friends, the Morgans, in control of the road. But in addition to that, in the suit of the R.F.C. these cunning young fellows point out that a reorganization of the road will make this whole question of disgorging a hypothetical one—that a reorganization will wash out all this bit of history and its consequences to the Vans.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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On the Labor Front

Let the Employers Rejoice—Sundry Thorns in the Workers' Flesh—Labor Still Disturbs

THE EMPLOYING interests, it seems to me, are missing a good bet. Business recovery, they continually assert, has been thwarted because the administration has been too sympathetic toward labor and because labor itself has undermined business confidence by organizing and striking for better pay. If this is so, then a number of recent developments on the labor front should be very bullish, and a ringing statement to that effect should be prepared immediately by the National Manufacturers' Association or some similarly appropriate body. This statement could point out:

(1) That the Federal Reserve Board statement for June, covering post-N.R.A. developments in business, is very hopeful. Both lengthening of hours and cutting of wages are reflected, according to the Board, in the fact that industries made more than seasonal reductions in the number of employees and in wages, while they were meeting only normal recessions in output. Similarly encouraging is the news that the government is receiving reports at the rate of more than a thousand a day of firms abandoning code standards.

(2) That the Navy and Labor Departments in Washington are apparently supporting the open-shop policy of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, whose plant at Camden has been shut down for three months by a strike of 4,000 shipyard workers. An arbitration plan, offered the strikers last week by these two departments, was so extraordinary that members of a House subcommittee investigating the dispute were compelled to label it an "outrage and conspiracy" against the strikers. The plan, it appears, was one suggested by the company itself and would not have given the union even nominal recognition, any assurance on wages and hours, or protection against discrimination.

(3) That relief officials are determined to slash union wage scales on W.P.A. work, even though this threatens to undermine union pay in private industry as well. They have issued an ultimatum that union workers must accept the "security" wage or starve and, should the unions carry out their strike threat, the government has promised to put on the biggest strikebreaking act the country has ever seen. This policy has the approval of President Roosevelt, friend of the Forgotten Man, and General Hugh Johnson, who admits himself that he is the "best friend that labor ever had."

(4) That the open shop is still safe in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska, where troops were used two months ago to end the strike of street-railway workers. The settlement, negotiated between Governor Cochran of Nebraska and the street-car company, apparently left the door wide open to discrimination, with the result that the cars are being run by strikebreakers, while the union men are still on strike. There are still sporadic outbreaks of violence, and the Governor feels the company broke faith with him.

(5) That the open shop is likewise safe in Terre Haute—at least for the Columbia Stamping and Enameling Company, whose refusal to bargain with its employees precipitated the general strike. The Indiana National Guard, called out by Governor Paul V. McNutt, produced a speedy settlement, which was hailed by Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward McGrady as "real industrial statesmanship," but the Columbia workers are still out.

(6) That the Chicago Park Commission has denied the use of Soldiers' Stadium to the Chicago Federation of Labor for its annual Labor Day celebration, a privilege the Federation has enjoyed ever since the stadium was built. The Commission, it seems, recently adopted a ruling that the stadium could not be used for the discussion of any economic or political subject that might be controversial in nature. Naturally, a labor meeting would have difficulty in keeping itself within the bounds of such a restriction and, for the community's safety, should not be permitted to take a chance.

(7) That the detectives know their duty when they see it. One of their most important functions, according to a speech made at the recent annual convention of the World Association of Detectives by President Raymond C. Schindler, is to check the work of subversive elements, especially in labor unions. Apparently they are not alone in this work for, said Mr. Schindler, "The leaders of organized labor are using every means at their command, governmental and otherwise, to prevent further inroads, and to weed out agitators who have other purposes than the welfare of labor. The seeds of unrest which have been planted throughout North America during a period when so large a proportion of the masses are susceptible to propaganda, and particularly the inroads made in organized labor, constitute a major problem with which the members of the W.A.D. are in daily touch."

(8) That all, of course, cannot be beer and skittles, and labor is still busy, in a few places, disturbing confidence. There is, for example, the recent success of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in signing a closed-union-shop agreement with the cloak manufacturers of Los Angeles—the first closed-shop contract to be signed in Los Angeles since the McNamara trial, twenty years ago. And in New York City a number of untoward things have happened. The Newspaper Guild has recently signed its first contract with a New York paper, The Evening Post; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, representing more than 100,000 workers, has just renewed its agreement with the clothing manufacturers, preserving intact all the improved working conditions established under the N.R.A. code; and the International Fur Workers' Union, which recently absorbed the Communist-led Fur Workers' Industrial Union, has just elected an entire left-wing slate of officers by a vote of 5,029 to 1,944. Also ominous is the decision of Federal Judge Luther B. Way of Norfolk, Virginia, upholding the amended Railway Labor Act. The plea of the Virginian railway that its shopmen were not engaged in interstate commerce did not appeal to Judge Way. "I have no serious doubt," he said, "that if the operations in the shops were suspended by a labor dispute the interstate transportation service of the railway would be seriously hampered or interrupted. The effort of the railway to show that these shops are not neces-

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sary to the conduct of transportation activities was not impressive." Obviously reasoning of this sort, if upheld by the Supreme Court, might support the constitutionality of the Wagner labor-disputes measure.

(9) But that, finally, these disturbing developments are more than offset by reassuring trends elsewhere. In Reidsville, North Carolina, the labor policy of the American Tobacco Company was recently endorsed in a public resolution embodying the following heartening sentiment: "We, the undersigned citizens and property holders of the City of Reidsville, wish to go on record as endorsing the past and future policies of the American Tobacco Company in this city, and pledge our support to them 100 percent." Among the policies endorsed is the refusal of the company to bargain with the Tobacco Workers' International Union, though it represents a decided majority of the employees And in Danville, Virginia, a group of citizens recently organized the Danville League of Industrial Peace—to wage war, no doubt, on underpaid textile workers.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Open Letter

SIR: The program of Production for Use for the unemployed is one that I am laboring to put before the American people. During the past three weeks I have motored more than 5,000 miles, lecturing for this cause in ten cities, and making as many broadcasts. I have told my hearers that this program offers the way out of the depression, and the only way. And while so occupied, I pick up on a newsstand a copy of The New Republic for July 17 and read an editorial setting forth that the federal government has taken many steps toward a program similar to Epic, and recording the following editorial opinion concerning "the self-help method of relief":

> As a means of alleviating the pressure of the depression, however, its value is dubious. Whenever an unemployed man is put to work to make something that the government would otherwise buy to distribute for relief, an employed man loses a job.

What do you call yourselves, gentlemen-editors: liberals, progressives, gradualists, humanitarians? I am not sure of the label you would accept, but there must be one, or a combination of several, which would indicate that you desire to move by stages from the present chaos of competitive greed to some system of ordered production for social advantage. Whatever the label may be, your editorial statement about "self-help for the unemployed" seems to me wholly out of line; as if your wise and well informed staff men had gone on vacation in mid-July, and somebody from The New York Times had been pinch-hitting for you; or perhaps you dozed in the hot weather, and out of your subconscious mind came some of the formulas that used to satisfy you in the old Bull Moose days, when your kind of people thought that competitive industrialism could be regulated and made to behave.

Jesting aside, and in all sincerity, I ought not to have to explain to your editorial staff the elementary fact I have been explaining to business men in my audiences for the past twenty-two months—that the profits they make by selling goods to the unemployed are purely illusory, for the unemployed can only get the money from the government, and the government can only get it from the business men, the property owners of the country. Sooner or later, the government has to tax it from those who have it, and whether by direct taxes or by inflation does not matter. As I have said to the business men in a couple of hundred audiences: "You are taking money from your right-hand pockets and putting it into your left-hand pockets, and going home and telling your wives what a fine day's business you have done."

I have said to the business men, as I say to The New Republic—surprised to have to say it: "Make up your minds that the unemployed as a source of income are nonexistent for the future. You have got all the money out of them, and what you make from them in the future is only what you give them. The dole is a state subsidy to private business, and it cannot go on, because it leads to inflation and bankruptcy for cities, counties, states and nation. Therefore"—continuing my Epic speech—"you have to make up your minds to give to the unemployed a new way of life, a new system under which they may have access to land and machinery, and produce for themselves what they are going to consume."

The business men get up during the question period at our Epic meetings and ask: "But will not this throw out of work those who are now working to produce for the unemployed?" I answer them as I now answer The New York Times—I beg pardon—The New Republic: "Yes, gentlemen-editors, when you withdraw the government subsidy to private business, it begins to crumble, even faster than it is crumbling now. But which do you wish to see crumble, private business or public government? Which are you going to choose, collectivism or fascism? One or the other you have to have, and you can't have confusion in your minds and choose a little of each, because they are mutually exclusive, and hate each other with a deadly hatred, and they fight whenever they come into contact."

I don't want to rub it in, but I truly cannot get over my surprise, because I thought The New Republic had by now got all this clearly in mind. I thought you understood that we cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs; and I thought that by now you had become hungry—in a reasonable, gentlemanly way—and wanted an omelet. I myself am trying to win over the reasonable, gentlemanly people to solve this problem in a reasonable, gentlemanly way—that is, by democratic consent, without violence or waste; and I have been greatly puzzled not to have been able to get the support of The New Republic.

Permit me to suggest that it is time for you to take a stand. Come back from your vacation, or wake up from your nap, and make up your minds once for all whether you want a system of Production for Use, or whether you are willing to see the state go bankrupt in the effort to preserve capitalism.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

[If, during a depression, the government borrows money and spends it to relieve the unemployed, the purchases made with this money increase the total of employment. Mr. Sinclair can hardly deny that. The fact that these borrowings must "sooner or later" be repaid out of taxes has no bearing on this axiom of economics; relief is not being paid for out of taxes now, during the depression. If the government, in addition, sets unemployed persons to work making things for themselves, without diminishing its other expenditures for relief, the result is of course good. But if it uses this work program as a *substitute* for relief expenditures, the total of employment is not increased. This obvious fact was all that our editorial stated, and Mr. Sinclair himself does not deny it.

The next question is whether *all* the unemployed might not be absorbed by being put to work making things for themselves, thus obviating the necessity for relief altogether. Our answer is no, unless the government is prepared to take over virtually all industry. A large proportion of the unemployed are in industries that make steel, buildings, and other capital goods that individual consumers do not purchase and do not use directly. There are only two possibilities of employment for these workers in the industries in which they are skilled: (1) by capitalist revival; and (2) by a planned socialism.

Can Mr. Sinclair's program be used as a method of edging into socialism, without scaring big industrialists and financiers into resistance? It is ridiculous to think so. When Mr. Sinclair can

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show us the United States Steel Corporation allowing the government to take over its mills for relief purposes, we shall be glad to admit that we are wrong. In the meantime we believe it just as effective to advocate advance toward the front door of collectivism as to try to steal in the back door.—THE EDITORS.]

Aid for the Camden Shipyard Strikers

SIR: The commissary department at the Camden, New Jersey, shipyard strike must close unless immediate aid is given.

Our fight is almost won. The success or failure of this strike will vitally affect the future of union labor. The working man should be able to ask for justice without forcing his family to do without food. Four thousand men and their families have stood loyally back of their leadership during fourteen weeks of determined effort on the part of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation to break the strike. Four thousand men walked out. Four thousand men are still out. We will stand firm until we receive justice.

We are fighting not only the New York Shipbuilding Corporation but a combination of the shipbuilding corporations, who know that success at Camden means defeat to the Bethlehem Steel and other basic industries in their efforts to prevent the entrance of organized labor into their plants.

This is a fight for the right of men to organize and bargain collectively, as guaranteed by the United States government, against the steel industries, who are determined to destroy by financial strength what union labor has won fairly by law.

Aid must be given at once. Every dollar you mail in will go directly to the commissary department for food. Make all checks payable to the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America and mail at once to 572 Fairview Street, Camden, New Jersey.

Camden, N. J. JOE GREEN, President.

Italy's Resources

SIR: May I be permitted to comment briefly on the two articles contained in your issue of August 7, dealing with the Italian economic situation. . . .

Briefly, you consider the Italian economic problem hopeless, for the following reasons:

> That since the foundation of United Italy, the country has had an adverse trade balance; lacking coal, iron and other important minerals and raw materials, she could not develop an efficient industrial organization and could hardly pay for her excess imports because her industries could not produce an adequate surplus, her invisible imports were not sufficient to balance the accounts and consequently there was a continued enlargement of the Italian foreign debt, both public and private.
>
> Finally that this situation was made worse by the economic policies of the Fascist Government, favoring a larger population and a higher degree of self-sufficiency.

Such an analysis, if made in good faith, shows a glaring lack of knowledge, if not complete ignorance of Italian economic history for the past eighty years.

To use a familiar phrase, let's look at the record.

The industrial development of Italy since the eighties is a real and definite achievement, as shown by the following figures:

Total consumption of electric power has increased from 350 million kilowatt hours in 1900 to 2,500 millions in 1914 and to over 12,000 millions in 1934. On the other hand importations of coal, which had reached the high mark of 14,400,000 tons in 1929 from 9,758,000 in 1914, were reduced to 9,500,000 in 1934. The capital invested in the Italian joint-stock companies increased from 1,229 million lire in 1887 to 12,850 millions in 1919 and 44,320 millions in 1934. During the first decade of our century Italy was able to absorb all the investments made by foreigners in several industrial and banking enterprises and repurchased all governmental and other Italian industrial securities, previously placed abroad. As a matter of fact, before the World War, Italy had changed her status from a debtor to a creditor nation.

With reference to present conditions, Italy of course feels the effects of the depression, which have so seriously unbalanced richer nations. However, the corporative organization of the State has helped considerably in reducing the effects of the crisis, as it has vastly stimulated economic activity and increased real wealth. If Italy still lacks some raw materials, she has clearly shown that such a handicap can be overcome by an alert spirit of initiative of the leaders, coupled with the active coöperation of an intelligent laboring class. The achievements, past and present, of the Italian race, in all fields of endeavor, are a matter of general knowledge, a fact which casts serious doubts as to the soundness of your type of economics.

It seems that your geographical knowledge of Ethiopia appears to be lacking as well. As against your discouraging description, Mr. Gordon MacCreagh, an explorer and author, after several years of residence in that country, has recently stated to The New York Herald Tribune that "Abyssinia has a white man's climate, over 6,000 feet high and will grow every kind of foodstuff that Italy needs to be independent of the world." This need you have fully illustrated in formulating your pessimistic outlook.

ROMOLO ANGELONE,
Italian Embassy, Washington, D. C. Commercial Attaché.

[Our Italian correspondent does not submit any evidence to disprove the conclusions drawn from Dr. McGuire's and others' authoritative figures. It remains true, as we said, that Italy has had a debit balance on foreign trade except for a few years after 1901. It remains true that although electric energy has been developed, Italy still needs large imports of coal. It remains true that although there has been a forced expansion of industrialization, as well as of agriculture, the costs have been high and the result has not been to establish an active trade balance. Italy's efforts to approximate a self-contained economy are bringing their inevitable result in harder conditions for the Italian workers. The acknowledged capacity of Italians in all fields of endeavor cannot change economic facts. Mussolini's militaristic policy merely aggravates the economic problem.

Whatever Abyssinia may be able to grow in its higher regions, the costs of conquest, development and transportation are prohibitive. Pugnacity does not offer a substitute for intelligence.—THE EDITORS.]

Clearing the Record

SIR: May I ask you to correct and withdraw a statement which appeared under my name in the Contributors' Box of your August 14 issue? The statement reads, " . . . and was formerly a member of the Editorial Division of the Continental Association of Technocrats." It was at no time authorized by me, and in any case was true only in a very informal and by no means official sense. The present organization, Technocracy, Inc., will sustain this. I am sure you will appreciate the necessity of having your own records straight on this matter.

New York City. HAROLD WARD.

Extracts from Letters

ALTHEA SOMERVILLE GROSSMAN of 426 Lake Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, sends news of the formation of a St. Louis Consumers' Coöperative Society. Residents of St. Louis who are interested in the movement are invited to communicate with Mrs. Grossman.

Mr. Frederick H. Schmalz of Portland, Oregon, writes us about the constitutional question that has arisen over the right of Major-General Charles H. Martin, retired, to be Governor of his state. The Oregon Constitution declares that no one holding a federal office is eligible for the governorship, and Mr. Schmalz points out that the courts have held that a retired army officer is still legally in the service of the federal government.

Mr. Jerry Jonson of New York City reports that the Provisional Committee Against Discriminatory Practices in City Colleges proposes to challenge the long-continued failure of the authorities to appoint Negro professors and instructors to the institutions under the New York City Board of Higher Education. He urges qualified Negro instructors to apply for positions in these institutions, and to send copies of their applications to his committee, at 408 West 141st Street, New York City.

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James Lane Allen[1]

IF I WERE to publish a novel tomorrow dealing with the Old South, there would be certain reviewers who would immediately assume that I wished of all things to return to the old plantation life in the South. I should be accused of wanting the American way of life to be modeled on the Southern society that existed prior to the War Between the States. I should be rated as an author most nostalgic for the past.

This accusation is every bit as likely as it would be nonsensical. There is no past of any kind or anywhere that I should wish to return to. No man can go backward, and every man lives, in any real sense only, in the epoch that he was born to. The use of the past in literature is nothing new, of course; every reader knows that. But one creates and uses the past as a comment on, or an expression of, the present and as a place where human character and action may be created and exhibited.

Among certain writers, however, this description of attitude and intention does not wholly apply. The qualities, the character, actions and morals that they create are related in their minds to a certain given state of things, a definite *status quo* in human society. Without this *status quo,* the bases of such an author's creation seem to be lost; he himself believes that all that he endorses depends, for its existence, upon the maintenance of some *status quo.* This, in a sense, is true of James Lane Allen; and from such a quality of mind in him—what with his tremendous popular success at one period—derived a portion, no doubt, of the accusations of traditionalism and going backwards that nowadays confront any writer on the Old South.

It could not be said that in his novels Allen was often strong enough to create what was essentially and ultimately free of its special time and place. And yet this is not wholly true. If you study the course of his work, you will see a notable effort toward variety and causes, from the more sentimental "Flute and Violin," and on through "The Kentucky Cardinal," "The Choir Invisible" and "Summer in Arcady," to "The Reign of Law," "The Mettle of the Pasture" and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." You will see him passing from obscurity to a public that was immense —"The Choir Invisible" brought him an income equal to that of the President of the United States—but side by side with that series of popular successes, you will see also his shift from a safe position to one of danger, and this not once only but constantly. He could not be reproached with exploiting the appeal of any one successful book and from then on repeating to commercial advantage the same material and effect. In all these and other aspects he was gallant and courageous, and, if not without a good deal of superciliousness, distinguished. What he lacked, when all was said and done, was abundance, richness and generosity in the creative powers. It was the absence of force and plenty, not the presence of sentiment, that gave his substance the too frequent air of sentimentality. However much certain of his critics might resent in him his very considerable culture, his polish and his insistence on good taste and a civilized society, these element cannot be necessarily held against him. In themselves these traits cannot make a man a great author; but on the other hand they do not forbid his being one.

Professor Knight's book is the first full-length biography of James Lane Allen. It covers the years of Allen's life (1849-1925) with as complete a mass of detail as could be desired by the most extravagant of the novelist's admirers. In so far as this wise and excellent book errs at all, it is in the direction of a certain mild copiousness plus a certain relaxed mildness. I mean by this last to say that the book would gain by certain sharper esthetic positions on the writer's part. His ground is taken securely; his estimates and replies might be more sharply defined and accordingly more contributive. The facts in this account are from many sources: Allen's notes, letters, and journals, the words of his friends, kin and associates. For years Allen ranked among our novelists as second to Hawthorne. He was a great popular success. He, in a manner, introduced to American fiction divers aspects of European realism. He wrote the first good Southern defense of Darwinism. He, as his biographer tells us, was the "last champion of the Genteel Tradition" (though this is a matter so mixed up, so much of steerage, garbage, lavender, classic portals and the devil knows what, that I at least should not care to undertake it in any short essay). Professor Knight continues: "The genteel writer told himself it were better to err on the side of . . . decency rather than on the other side. Too often he did err in exaggeration of one kind or another, for romantic writing is likely to end in art for art's sake, and often, especially in Allen, we are conscious that his error led him into a vacuum."

Of James Lane Allen, personally, it is worthwhile noting Miss Ellen Glasgow's remark that, taken all in all, he was the most gallant figure she has ever known. Another friend of his, Mrs. Sue Porter Heatwole, who began a friendship with Allen when he was about fifty years old,is quoted by Professor Knight:

> His personality was a fusion of life and dream, the very charm of poetry animated his being. . . . He was in a way shy. I think that was rather due to the feeling that he had a real gift; he felt he was a person apart from the thousand and ten thousand commonplace mortals; he did not scorn them, but felt he must not let this precious gift of the gods—whatever that may be—become less precious by too much exposure. He was full of humor and wit and loved to be happy. He loved beauty in every form. He disliked pretense and insincerity in people and things. . . . He was always perfectly dressed, perfectly poised, and by far the most distinguished looking man it has ever been my pleasure to see. No one could think evil in his presence, and I think he felt the need of high atmosphere in which to let his spirit live. He did not like many people. I regarded this carefully and introduced him to but one person.

By an odd irony, I was that person, who am now the reviewer. I was a Columbia student at the time, a mere baby. Mr. Allen, whose works I had read, not without temporary enthusiasm, received me cordially. He struck my young judgment as wearing a fine and gracious mask.

STARK YOUNG.

[1] James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition, by Grant C. Knight. Chapel Hill. The University of North Carolina Press. 326 pages. $2.50.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Echoes of a Crime

AN IMPORTANT and neglected feature of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is its effect on what has to be called the American intelligentsia. I don't like the word; nobody does. Unfortunately there is nothing to take its place, "the intellectuals" being too broad a term and "the liberals" too contentious and confusing. The intelligentsia can be defined as the part of the population that tries to think for itself, without relation to economic jealousies or popular opinion. It now forms a fairly numerous class, and yet its history has been surprisingly brief in this country. It began to be conscious of itself in the years after 1900; it was given a name during the War (and the name was used as an insult); it was terrified and rendered politically sterile by the post-war reaction. The Sacco-Vanzetti case was another crisis in its development.

There were several new features of the case that stirred the intelligentsia profoundly. First of all there was the situation of two men tried unjustly and sentenced to death, the old story of innocence endangered. There was the fact that these two men were radicals, and had been arrested during the Palmer raids of 1920, when the liberals had also been threatened. There was the high smugness of the Massachusetts officials, who turned themselves into caricatures of everything that artists hate in the bourgeoisie. There was the international interest in the case—the riots in Paris, Berlin, London, the general strikes in Rosario and Montevideo, the bombs exploded in Sofia, Basle, Nice, Buenos Aires. Then, overshadowing all other issues, there was the picture of two men who had spent seven years between life and death, seven years of being threatened, praised, lied about and continually tortured with hope. Most prisoners would have broken down or developed illusions of grandeur. These two—little, impulsive, confiding Sacco and big, mustachioed, skeptical Vanzetti—managed in their different fashions to remain skeptical and human, thanking their good friends, contriving presents for their lawyers and, incidentally, writing more eloquently than all the bigwigs who made speeches for and against them. It is no wonder that they aroused a blind hate and a fanatical loyalty.

It was the intelligentsia rather than the labor unions that conducted their defense. Some of the unions struck and demonstrated; the radical parties did their best; but the intellectuals for once assumed most of the responsibility: they held meetings, raised funds, issued statements, suggested new appeals to new courts. "Artists and Writers Appeal for Sacco," the papers would announce. "Intellectuals Ask New Sacco Respite"—"Appeal Signed by Hundreds of Professional Men and Women Is Sent to Fuller." At the very end, the intellectuals even came out into the streets and got themselves arrested, like workers on the picket line of a strike that is being broken.

Boston on the night of the execution was a city beleaguered by its own fears of violent revolt. The public buildings were guarded; the streets were heavily patrolled. In the vicinity of Charlestown Prison, people were warned not to leave their houses. The prison itself was armed and garrisoned as if to beat off an attacking army. Five hundred special patrolmen, detectives and state constables had been summoned to reinforce the prison guards. Riot guns and tear bombs were stacked inside the gate. The top of the prison wall was lined with machine guns and searchlights in clusters of three. An advance guard of mounted police was posted at some distance from the prison to hold back the crowd. On the other side, facing the river, the prison was guarded by marine patrol boats, bright with searchlights and flares. And all this armament by land and water, all this infantry, cavalry and artillery was posted there to defend the prison—against just whom, just what? It is a question that the Massachusetts authorities could scarcely answer. The only thing they could possibly interpret as an offensive movement was a protest parade of three hundred intellectuals, led by Ruth Hale, that started toward Charlestown late in the evening. They were unarmed and pacific, and they scattered at the first charge by the mounted police.

I have talked with some of the people who joined in that strange nocturnal march. They knew it was absolutely futile, they knew everything had been done that could be done yet as long as Sacco and Vanzetti were alive they could not sit in a hall and talk and wait; they had to make a last united protest. Then, after the execution, their mood changed. They fell silent, they separated, and many of them walked the streets alone, all night. Just as the fight for a common cause had brought them together, so the defeat drove them apart, each back into his own orbit.

In a short time the newspapers quit talking about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The two men were dead and the authorities, feeling a vague shame, hoped they would be quickly forgotten. Those were the days when people were wondering whether Coolidge would choose to run after all, and were predicting that prosperity would go on forever. Those were the days, too, when the intellectuals were trying to save their private souls by love and psychoanalysis and running away from the machine age. Their only group manifestations were literary teas; their only political platform was a cocktail tray. Yet the effects of the Sacco-Vanzetti case continued to operate, in a subterranean style, and after a very few years they appeared once more on the surface.

It was during the second year of the depression that everyone began talking about a new phenomenon. The intelligentsia was "going left"; it was becoming friendly with the Communists; it was discussing the need for a new American revolution. All sorts of people tried to explain this development in all sorts of contradictory fashions, some of which were partly true. Almost nobody mentioned the obvious fact that, whatever else it might be, it was also a sequel to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a return to united political action. This time, however, the intellectuals had learned that they were powerless by themselves and that they could not accomplish anything unless they made an alliance with the working class. Years later, in an unexpected way, they were carrying out the prophesy that Niccola Sacco made in his last letter to his son:

> It is the struggle and fight between the rich and the poor for safety and freedom, son, which you [will] understand . . . Yes, Dante, they can crucify our bodies today, as they are doing, but they cannot destroy our ideas that will remain for the youth of the future to come.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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In These Unquiet Times

Eyes on the World, Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. New York: Simon and Schuster. 301 pages. $3.75.

PERHAPS once the world was a quiet place. But today is 1935, and let's look at the world today. Let's look at the purple (hazy in the evening) Place de la Concorde in the early spring; at the marvel of great Los Angeles at night, from Beverly Hills above, at a pattern of red, green, yellow signs, street lamps and beacons to the edge of sight; at the broad Kurfürstendamm, also beautiful with lights and with its terraced cafes gay under the trees. All three were especially built for ease and for rest, but just yesterday in the Place de la Concorde, Guards of the Republic rode into the citizens, and gendarmes turned machine guns on them; in Los Angeles legionnaires and cops broke into small homes and slugged the people in them, destroyed murals at which artists had sweated, slashed paintings; and in Kurfürstendamm, underneath the trees, while the police benignly looked on, gangs of youths with the Aryan cross picked out and beat up until blood splattered the sidewalk all people with long noses.

"Eyes on the World" (1935) is a book of photographs and of newspaper headlines. "Troops Fire on Ohio Strikers"—"4,000 Reds in Barricades Defy the Police in Paris." Here is Hitler with sticky, animal eyes. Here is Hearst with an animal smile (hyena). Here is the champion hog caller of the world. And here is Gertrude Stein. And Sally Rand. Here "New Deal Scores a Nationwide Victory," and President Roosevelt bursts out of a page of The New York Times, looking as pleased as the mouse that has just swallowed the cat. Then "U.S. Will Help Build 1,000,000 Homes"—"15 Billion Goal Proposed"—" 'More Abundant Life' President's Final Goal." Then charts, diagrams, figures. And then a quotation (from Benjamin Stolberg): "Nothing the New Deal has so far done, could not have been done better by an earthquake."

Here are Princes of the Blood, whom newspapers hardly ever mention: De Wendel, Von Wendel, Krupp, Schneider, Zaharoff—Thyssen above even Hitler, above Europe, above all. Here is Rockefeller, with a "clear conscience," trying not to die. Here is the Mussolini chin. And here are Huey Long and Sinclair and Coughlin and Townsend and Bruno Richard Hauptmann and John Dillinger. Also Mrs. Dionne.

Stalin and Gorky sit on a stoop. Thomas Mann and Einstein, both exiles from home. The face of a smiling Gothic saint is that of the Russian naturalist, Professor Michurin. He died honored and in his own bed. But Magnus Hirschfeld, who for maladjusted thousands in Berlin took over the place once held by the confessional, died in exile, his clinic closed, his library burned, his world-famous files stolen by Göring, about whom Dr. Hirschfeld knew too much.

The children of the middle classes are chubby and laugh; the babies in the *crêche* of a Russian factory are dimpled and grin; but the poor ragged little Chinese kids just stare wistfully ahead. The world may once have been a quiet place. It is not quiet today for even the children—"Bayonet Practice for Italy's Thirteen-Year-Olds." And the photograph of the youngsters in uniforms learning how to climb under barbed wire, and laughing. And then the photograph of the German lads marching and aping the arrogance of their Nazi fathers. And the Fascist little boys also marching, but this time in the Fascist fashion.

No one is quiet. Not the Russians. They want to build their country into an abundance for each one; but on all sides they are surrounded by enemies and are forced to train an enormous army. Not the French, nor the people of Spain, nor of Cuba, nor of Greece, nor of Austria. "Europe an Armed Camp; 6,000,000 in Uniform."

When the history of these unquiet times is written, "Eyes on the World" will be one of the valuable source books. Within the last few years the camera has been so improved and simplified that today it is possible to make a close-up shot without the subject's being at all aware of it and, with telescopic lenses, to bring distant action almost within arm's reach. Last year the book of posed photographs, "Metropolis," showed the daily life of a great city. In "Eyes on the World," which is a record of all nations, little has actually been posed, and that mostly by professional exhibitionists and international poseurs—and even these poses, attitudes, struts before the camera will be as revealing to the historian of the future as the sudden preoccupied look into the camera lens of a busy man, as the chance miraculous snapshot of an assassination.

NATHAN ASCH.

Several Young Redmen

All the Young Men, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

"ALL THE YOUNG MEN" contains seven Navajo tales, three Mexican, and two "American." The Navajo tales are filled with intelligible emotion and drama; in the others Mr. La Farge is not in earnest, or doesn't make me feel what he is in earnest about. "Hard Winter," for an example of the better sort, is a simply told story of a young Navajo who leaves his wife, children and flocks for an affair with a rich white woman; he comes to his senses too late; a blizzard sets in, and his utmost efforts cannot save his baby, or his sheep. Nobody in the story is romanticized—nothing is, not even the pull between the white woman and the Indian. A lightning play of sexual desire between people of different blood or different social codes marks nearly all the twelve stories, and as a matter of fact might well be the source of motive and interest for La Farge's future work. At present his drive against the provincialism and stupidity of the White is without nuance or flavor. His indignation ruins a story, "Higher Education," otherwise promising material for a play or a libretto; the indignation is natural, but its display fatal. It was perhaps a requirement of the magazines in which he first published to leave nothing to the imagination, but he might have revised his stories for book publication.

Yet "North Is Black," in which an Indian knifes to the table a gambler's hand concealing an ace, is a good story, with atmosphere and drama in it, and racial codes clearly contrasted; and so is "Women at Yellow Wells," a slow-moving tale of two Navajo women, two white women and a pretty cowboy, at a trading post on a night of thunderstorms. "All the Young Men" is the best of all—I agree with La Farge in that. An old medicine man has to go to live with his son-in-law: "like many school Indians," this son-in-law "wanted chiefly to be slicker than white men. . . . It was trying to be up to the minute, and wanting a new car, that got him started running liquor into the reservation. . . . When Old Singer would hammer at them about being Navajos, and being true to themselves, and how completeness inside a man or a woman was all that mattered, the young man would grow sullen." The old fellow him-

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self takes to whiskey, and—feeling in his intoxication the approach of his old gods—he tries to reach the sacred mountain, but misses the way, is arrested in a railroad town for drunkenness, and dies in his cell.

Such a story, recognizably contemporary, is perfectly plausible, and reminds that the question of how a Nordic can understand the psychology of an Indian, which generally troubles the Great Southwest over its midnight liquor, is nonsensical. We who see Indians daily and often in our houses have little more difficulty with them than with other "difficult" acquaintances and visitors. As Etienne Rey said of relations between the sexes, it is a question of the limitation of armaments; and as La Farge makes clear, it is as well a question of letting people go their own way and choosing to understand them rather than misunderstand.

HANIEL LONG.

Footwork and Headwork

Controlling Depressions, by Paul H. Douglas. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 286 pages. $3.

On Economic Planning, Edited by Mary L. Fleddérus and Mary Van Kleeck. New York: Covici, Friede. 275 pages. $3.

THESE books are reviewed together because they present an instructive contrast in methods of approach to the problem of abolishing the business cycle. The volume edited by Miss Van Kleeck and Miss Fleddérus is made up of papers delivered at the Regional Study Conference of the International Industrial Relations Institute held in New York last November, and contains several shades of opinion, though the weight of its testimony is unmistakable. Professor Douglas makes a valiant attempt to devise a stratagem under which capitalism may avoid self-destruction. One is bound to admire his technical proficiency, and at the same time to lament that so much skill should be devoted to a project which seems unlikely of success.

Professor Douglas is an artist in that he works uncomplainingly within vexing limitations. He contrives to develop considerable freedom of action despite restrictions that would hem in one less agile. Frequently, to be sure, he finds escape in flights of theorizing that are as charming as they are impractical—impractical because they neglect brutal eccentricities of competitive economic activity that no mind, however gifted in insight, can forestall. And in the end he is forced—not reluctantly, but with some want of consistency—to recommend departures from the capitalist system that would essentially change the character of what is left. His is a one-man Brain Trust, benefiting from the mistakes of the group in Washington and able to preserve a flexibility not permitted to official policy.

Mindful of the positive and normal underconsumption of large sections of the American people, accentuated now by the mere existence of one-sixth of the population on relief, he draws back at the administration's limitations on production. He advocates a curb on code curtailments, and is quite willing to countenance falling wages to accord with the falling prices that would follow from enlarged output. He would compensate, on the side of consumers' purchasing power, by frank abandonment of all pretense at balancing the budget, and resort to paper issues, based on the "gold profit" of devaluation, for the financing of public works. He thinks five billion dollars could profitably be invested in urban and rural housing, and that the entire program, if it lifted us out of the depression, would be cheap at fifteen billions.

Toward the end of the book, as has been indicated, he begins to have grave misgivings as to whether capitalism, with mere modification, can continue to function. There has been an evident development going on in his own thought as he writes. He sees himself a little in the position of the chap who tried to invent a Chinese typewriter, and went crazy. He wonders whether he will not be obliged to simplify the alphabet. He attempts to quiet his first apprehensions, however, by suggesting one or two devices that must, in a calmer moment, seem to him fantastic. Such is the proposal for setting up a coöperative economy for the benefit of the unemployed alongside the capitalist, competitive economy—which would be like isolating smallpox patients from those who had not come down with the disease by putting clean pyjamas on the latter.

With more conviction he then urges breaking up as many monopolies as possible (because they contribute to the "stickiness" of prices) by calling the anti-trust acts into vigorous use. Where this policy fails—as he thinks it well may in the utilities, iron and steel, aluminum and heavy chemicals—ownership will have to be socialized. The wholesaling of commercial credit would also be placed in public hands.

In contrast to Professor Douglas' solo egg-dance, the contributors to the symposium of the Industrial Relations Institute show that it is better to be direct than deft. They first, with a few whisks of determined brooms, clear the floor of capitalist obstructions, and proceed to a jolly shakedown. After Douglas' balancing, and the intricacies of his circumspect steps, their charging back and forth in mass formation is a grateful relief. They show, each in his own way, that New Deal planning is partial in coverage, ignoble in purpose, and—what to these students is more—argues downright bad social workmanship. Given the project of making the fullest use of natural and human resources to the end of raising the standard of living of the American people, the required engineering—physical and economic—becomes relatively simple. If, on the other hand, we are to admit the inhibitions of capitalist demand, and look first at prices and only incidentally at product, the best technicians are rendered powerless—indeed, as a class, they become the first casualty in the inevitable collapse.

In reading these papers (of Coyle, Soule, Ossinsky, Polakov, Laidler, Van Kleeck and others) one sees the Gulliver of science and human need about to stir and break the Lilliputian threads with which the old economy of scarcity has tried to bind him. Not that these writers are declamatory; the force of their reasoning is not more in its clarity than in its calmness. They do much to tear away the amazing insulation that has wrapped American economic distress against recognition of Russia's progress. They do not speak simply in the large, but begin to map out a feasible course of action for social rescue.

Some in this symposium are content with less in the way of economic reorganization, or the specialized character of their assignments does not invite them to disclosure of their wider views. Some are statistical, but with burning words looming behind the ranks of figures. One paper—that of M. L. Wilson, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture—is of contrary import to all of the rest. He makes himself the villain of the piece by expounding the A.A.A.'s particular method of planning for paucity. In the backward look of economic history this systematic and bare-faced destruction of food when millions of Americans are in semi-starvation will be viewed with horror. Wilson lets himself be put into an unfavorable light by trying to defend it.

BROADUS MITCHELL.

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British Socialism Takes Stock

Practical Socialism for Britain, by Hugh Dalton. London: George Routledge and Sons. 410 pages. 5s.

MR. DALTON has given us a vigorous interpretation, and in some cases explanation, of the current official British Labor program. His own position in the Labor Party gives his statements real authority. What he expounds is socialism, though of a moderate non-Marxian type—as British as mutton and boiled potatoes. I hope it will prove practical.

One approaches the body of Mr. Dalton's argument with more confidence because of the refreshing candor with which he discusses past mistakes of his party. Thus, he tells us that in 1929 the party had three possible courses, "for each of which a plausible case could have been put up." (1) The party might have refused to take office without a Socialist majority; (2) It could have taken office, introduced Socialist measures and gone down with honor; (3) It could have coöperated frankly with the Liberals on the basis of a maximum program on which agreement could be reached. "But," says Mr. Dalton, "we took none of these three courses. We took a fourth which combined the disadvantages of them all and none of the advantages of any." It is the fact that the British Labor Party recognizes that it dare not repeat this mistake, which gives it a right to another chance.

Mr. Dalton divides his discussion into several parts: democracy, socialization, finance, planning, equality and peace. In the first of these he recognizes the limitations of political democracy under capitalism and discusses moderate reform of the House of Commons and its procedure, and the abolition of the House of Lords with (rather surprisingly, and to me unconvicingly) the substitution of another second chamber for it with lessened power. He is, of course, thoroughly loyal to the Crown.

Americans will find more of interest to them in what Mr. Dalton says on economic matters. Socialization is to begin with electric power, transport and coal. The success of the partial Socialist control of electric power is an argument for more control—a point to be commended to those who have argued for systems of social control with partial but not outright public ownership.

Space fails to summarize the particular plans Mr. Dalton sets forth under his various heads. They are real plans on which hard thought has been bestowed. They provide for a control not only of principal industries but of money, banking and credit, which means a vigorous beginning at socialism. Inevitably from this beginning socialism will have to be rapidly expanded. Mr. Dalton knows how to use taxation as an instrument of equality. As for peace, he shares the Liberal and Labor opinion in England, which looks kindly on an international police force under the League of Nations.

I should not want to copy all of these plans in America. I think that even in England I should stand for a greater degree of functional self-administration of socialized industries than Mr. Dalton proposes. He is aware, however, of the importance of utilizing the unions constructively and of the value of decentralization. I have less hope than Mr. Dalton of the possibility of an international police force under present conditions.

But these and other questions are less important than the major problem: will this moderate constitutional program work even in England? Whatever our own dogmas, unless we are more wedded to our creeds than to human well being, we must hope that the British Socialist scheme involving so much change with so little suffering will work. If so, although we may not imitate it altogether, it will point the way to mankind. The first essential is that the next time British Labor takes office it shall not declare a moratorium on its socialism or act as if a reformed capitalism could still be worked to the advantage of the masses. At all events, a working-class party as enlightened as Mr. Dalton pictures British Labor as being, is a vehicle that Americans may well envy for the advancement of the Coöperative Commonwealth. NORMAN THOMAS.

Acrobat to Il Duce

Better Think Twice About It, by Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The Outcast, by Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

ALTHOUGH "The Outcast" and the short stories in "Better Think Twice About It" were written several years before Pirandello acquired the reputation that helped to get him the Nobel Prize, they are good telltale items of his present failings and accomplishments. His literary virtues are the kind that might be ascribed to any brilliant technician. An easy and graceful flow of language, especially in his short stories and plays, shows his complete mastery of form. This quality, together with his tremendous virtuosity and his keen sense of irony, makes his short stories extremely readable—even when on second thought they seem forced and far-fetched. In another stage of literature, when finesse was considered an all-important quality, when a Walter Pater or an Anatole France could be held up as a genius rather than simply as a graceful stylist, Pirandello would probably have had a more impressive place. Just now most of his influence is limited to Italy, where he is being copied and counterfeited. Long inclined to emphasize the cerebral and anti-realistic aspects of writing, Fascist literature needed only an impetus like Pirandello's to give it direction; that he has succeeded in giving it, is shown by the sheerly psychological and fantastic themes used and abused by modern Italian writers in every branch of literature.

In this age, when technical virtuosity is a secondary accomplishment, when "cerebral" writing belongs to an age of psychoanalysis that has already had its heyday, Pirandello's failings seem to outbalance his accomplishments. If the speculations that persistently dominate his best attempts at realism were political or religious, chances are he would be called a propagandist; but because his axe-grinding is always inclined to be philosophical and aloof he escapes the stigma. This despite the fact that his two favorite ideas—that "life is an illusion and appearance is the only reality" and that "all is relative"—are superimposed on nearly everything he writes.

Pirandello once summed up his idea of life this way: "I see, as it were, a labyrinth where our soul wanders through countless conflicting paths without ever finding a way out. In this labyrinth I see a two-headed Hermes which with one face laughs and the other weeps. It laughs with one face at the other's weeping." Gargoyles of this sort, as well as coincidences and strange quirks of fate, appeal to him for his themes. In most of his work fate seems to be an explanation, *per se*, of anything that is difficult to understand or annoying to bear. In his own personal labyrinth he has welded his metaphysical speculations (relics of the days he spent in German universities) to

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this idea of fate, and produced concepts whose brilliance seems to lie in the fact that they can revolve around his probings without hitting them, and whose profundity seems to be traceable to the fact that they do not always make sense. From his pinnacle of ideas, he has looked down on reality, scorning human beings as puppets, contending all the while that a great deal of what he sees does not exist; what exists is that which he cannot explain.

This sort of special thinking process has given free play to his prodigious gift for novelty, but it has not done his writing much good. He has gone through it so often that it has become a formula, in which fate and relativity are substituted for life, and metaphysical abstractions for realities. His picture of human beings has been knocked askew, and it is hard to read very far in his two latest books without seeing Pirandello, the acrobatic metaphysician, jostling aside the characters and stealing the stage for his own pet somersaults.

JERRE MANGIONE.

Storm Omens

Pittsburgh Memoranda, by Haniel Long. Santa Fé: Writers' Editions. 87 pages. $2.50.

HANIEL LONG'S "Pittsburgh Memoranda" make a volume that is grave and disquieting. The author is concerned with the "new pioneering," the search for purpose and solace among those "who fight not Indians but insanity." To watch at night, from the Pittsburgh hills, the "goblin forges" by the water's edge is to wonder at the rage that tore out the natural beauty, putting in its place a smoke-laden clutter as

> Some men, driven by a haste cosmic and not human, built furiously, like titans or like idiots, a new world.

In verse and fragmentary prose, Long assembles significant details of his town with scholarship that is vital, but drooping. His choice of outstanding figures and events connected with the Pittsburgh scene provides an expressive array of symbols: the Homestead Strike (with "non-proletarian" glimpses at the human material involved that make you wince); Stephen Foster, seeking in melody that resting place which the earlier men had sought in migration; John Brashear, maker of lenses, pious in a secular vocation, fascinated by the stars in a city where they were hardest to see; Andrew Carnegie, who gave half a million sterling in five-percent bonds, as he said, "to bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dumfermline more of sweetness and light," author of "The Gospel of Wealth," wherein is outlined an intricate system of celestial accounting for balancing exploitation and philanthropy; the warden's wife, Mrs. Soffel, who read the Bible aloud to the Biddle boys while they sawed the bars of their cell; George Westinghouse, whose mechanical ingenuity built up a great plant for others, with financial ingenuity, to take from him; "My New Born Son" and "My Fellow Stockholders"; Frank Hogan and Fred Demmler, two local men of promise killed in the War; Duse, who died in Pittsburgh; and many others whose destinies impinge upon his city at some notable point. The book lacks tension, through being pinned together rather than formed. But as songful survey, combining the statistical and the impressionistic, it unquestionably suggests the magnitude and the quality of the psychological issues arising from the confused ways in which late capitalism both stimulates and frustrates ambition.

KENNETH BURKE.

Books in Brief

Father and I: Memories of Lafcadio Hearn, by Kazuo Koizumi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 216 pages. $2.50.

FATHER thought he liked freedom and nature. His freedom, however, was the freedom of moral etiquette —and not freedom as we understand it today." Thus Kazuo Koizumi sums up his father, Lafcadio Hearn. The comment reflects a mature judgment but, for the most part, this book is made up of his childish impressions of a father he lost before he was eleven. "Father was very loving but very severe," he records in the opening sentence of his first chapter, and his story is told largely in instances of Hearn's contrasting moods of tenderness and severity. It is told simply, with candor and charm, and the picture it presents of Hearn is, on the whole, a winning one. One understands from it why his son loved as well as feared him. While the book offers no strikingly new or profound interpretation of Hearn, it does add to our intimate knowledge of him. The material it supplies strengthens the conviction that the sensitive and scrupulous Hearn, who had somehow acquired in America a reputation for romantic and restless bohemianism, was at heart a fanatical upholder of conservative tradition and a romantically severe moralist. This was probably why he loved Japan, or what he believed was Japan, as his son says, "more than a real Japanese."

M. G.

Paul Elmer More and American Criticism, by Robert Shafer. New Haven: Yale University Press. 331 pages. $4.

Though nobody will ever love him as much as Dr. Shafer does, Mr. More really deserves better of his thinning legions than this pious mixture of homage and truculence. The "Paul Elmer More" part of the book is long and dull —solemn paraphrases of the "Shelburne Essays" and "The Greek Tradition"; pictures of the young More as a cross between Our Lord and the infant Samuel ("He swayed . . . by a power he did not understand, which had, in fact, something uncanny about it"); and portions—grimly delivered, as if the end were just in sight—of New Humanism. But "American Criticism" is short and violent, a gorgeous slam-fest of attacks on every American critic who ever stuck his tongue out at the Princeton Sage; so fresh and keen where "Paul Elmer More" is just drab, that one might suspect Dr. Shafer of being moderately bored with his hero.

A. K.

Poems and Sonnets, by Ernest Walsh. With a Memoir by Ethel Moorhead. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 196 pages. $2.

There is little in the poetry of Ernest Walsh that does not find a counterpart of experience in his own life—which explains, in part, the elements of weakness and of strength to be met with in his work. The implied tragedy here is this: the life of this man approximates greatness; his poetry trails along behind, explaining and defending. He presents the curious spectacle of a man capable of an honest "major" life expending only a part of his energy in the production of minor poetry. Even during his early tramping days in this country he was a victim of tuberculosis. At the start of the War he joined the aviation service, cracked up in a practice flight in Texas and wrote his first poems in the military hospital there. Afterwards

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he spent years of enforced exile in Europe. Walsh's native, dynamic energy is apparent in the poetry; his temper, the angry insistence of a crippled intellect waging a losing fight against disease and a hated world, may be realized from the biographical writings of friends, notably Kay Boyle. The poetry, at times, bears the impress of a critical soft pedal; his life, never. He lived intuitively and wisely; he wrote out of another chamber, darker, with less vision.

K. P.

A Saga of a Paper Mill, by Laurence Pratt. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 77 pages. $2.

In "A Saga of a Paper Mill," Laurence Pratt does little to establish himeslf as a poet, *per se,* but he does make a definite contribution to the ever growing body of regional poetry that is being written in America. He has attempted a full-length portrait of the Northwest: its industries, its schools, its daily life, its tradition and its folklore, are set down here in crisp, businesslike English. That he has not succeeded wholly is due, not so much to any ineptness in the method employed, but rather to the unwieldy character of the material with which he has dealt. Loggers, miners, longshoremen, office workers, Chinese laborers and a dozen or more village "types" move through the book; the tone and tempo of the verse are traceable to the speed-up system of the paper mill which overshadows everything else in the town. The churches, the local governments, all outward expressions of the community life, derive meaning and coloring from The Mill: the verse remains true to that. The poems have the vitality of everyday speech with the added weight of an intensely honest and workmanlike job of reporting, well conceived and satisfactorily handled.

K. P.

Contributors

ENID CHARLES is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and author of "The Twilight of Parenthood," published last fall by W. W. Norton.

YVOR WINTERS teaches English at Stanford University and is the author of several volumes of verse. His collection, "Before Disaster," was published last year.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of several volumes of poetry, including "Conquistador," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1932. His play, "Panic," was produced in New York City last season.

NATHAN ASCH is a New York novelist and critic. His latest novel, "The Valley," is being published by Macmillan on September 3.

HANIEL LONG, who formerly taught English at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, is now living in Santa Fé. His latest book is reviewed in this issue.

BROADUS MITCHELL is professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University. He is a native of Kentucky and has written extensively on Southern topics as well as on economics and national politics. His latest book is "A Preface to Economics."

NORMAN THOMAS is a member of the national executive committee of the Socialist Party in America and several times has been his party's candidate for President.

JERRE MANGIONE is a member of the editorial staff in the publishing house of Robert M. McBride and Company. He has contributed articles and reviews to The London Spectator, The Partisan Review, The New Masses and The New York Herald Tribune Books.

KENNETH BURKE is now doing research for a book of literary criticism to follow his most recent volume, "Permanence and Change," which was published last year in The New Republic Dollar-Book series.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening, Alfred Kazin and Kenneth Patchen.

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